

JANUARY 16, 1984

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TIME

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A Letter from the Publisher

TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark, who originated the idea of a cover story that would survey Africa a quarter-century after independence, has worked in the southern part of that continent for three years. He is not one of journalism's "old Africa hands," but he thinks he knows the type well. They are, he explains, "the ones who have suffered Africa's bureaucratic indignities, its frustrations and inefficiencies, and its occasional dangers, but who still believe that the continent's shortcomings are far outweighed by its virtues: its heart-stopping beauty, its hospitable people, its primitiveness."

For the preparation of this week's story, which included reporting from the majority of countries in black Africa, Clark was able to work alongside five old Africa hands. Correspondent James Wilde, who covered Africa for TIME from the mid-1960s to 1971, including the Biafra revolt in Nigeria, was back in that country last week to report on the sudden military coup. He got there, barely, in a small chartered plane from the Ivory Coast. "Over Lagos," says Wilde, "the *harmattan*, a dust-laden wind blowing from the Sahara, had reduced visibility to 500 yds. On our first try at landing, one wing nearly scraped the runway; we began to stall. But our nerveless Ivorian pilot gunned the motor, and the plane lifted, shuddering. We

made it on the second pass and emerged, wobbling with fear."

Wilde recently took over the post of Nairobi bureau chief from John Borrell, a correspondent in Africa for twelve years, who joined TIME 15 months ago. Borrell visited half a dozen countries for the story, and even made his way to Timbuktu, the remote Malian walled city that for centuries has conjured up exotic images among non-Africans. Peter Hawthorne has spent 29 years in Africa and has covered everything from Kenya's Mau Mau rebellion in the 1950s to the violent transition of Rhodesia into Zimbabwe. With Nairobi Reporter Alastair Matheson and Capetown's John Platter, the five have accumulated a total of 110 years' experience living and working in Africa.

The main cover story was the work of Associate Editor Russ Hoyle, who has written often on African affairs. Senior Writer Bill Smith, who wrote the accompanying story on the Nigerian coup, was Nairobi bureau chief from 1962 to 1964 and again in 1969. In 1972 Random House published his biography of Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, *We Must Run While They Walk*. Says Smith of Africa: "The excitement of the early 1960s is long since past, and the task of building independent Africa has taken a lot longer and been far more painful than anyone in the beginning imagined."



Clark and Hawthorne in Africa

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko



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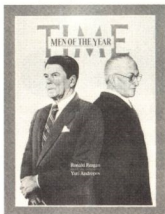
Letters

Men of the Year

To the Editors:

TIME's Men of the Year [Jan. 2] choices are appropriate. Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov have not only profoundly affected the news of this year but will undoubtedly have an impact on the news of next year and probably for many years to come. Depicting them back to back implies a continuity for catastrophe. Face to face would imply communication, which could reap a harvest of hope for peace on earth to men of good will.

Charles T. Sweeney
Quincy, Mass.



President Reagan has my support as Man of the Year. Andropov, however, has not been seen for months. Perhaps he should be Ghost of the Year.

George F. Balas
Bastian, Va.

In the most crucial time in the world's history, when our hopes for the future of mankind are at stake, TIME's choices for Men of the Year are the men most responsible for proliferation of arms and increased global tensions.

Bill Godin
Yale Norwich
Minneapolis

I grew up in the 1950s and feel less threatened by war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. now than in those earlier, stark times. TIME's Men of the Year selection is focused too narrowly on our nation.

World suffering would have been a more realistic subject. Very few issues of TIME during 1983 were without pictures or stories of people suffering from effects of war, hunger or poverty.

Michael Fryssinger
Lima, Ohio

A more appropriate cover would have shown the Men of the Year with their heads in the sand.

Bruce Gregg
Madison, Wis.

What a dismal prospect for the world! To think that the fate of humanity lies in the hands of these two arrant mediocrities.

Arnold M. Gallub
New York City

The cover picture of the ashen, waxy, lifeless figures of Reagan and Andropov standing back to back is chillingly accurate. This image of two grim duellists, neither of whom has anything to say to the other, offers little hope to a world awaiting the outcome of a mutual suicide pact.

Bart Whiteman
Washington, D.C.

Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov standing with their backs to the world would have been more realistic.

Helen M. Cardan
Lakeport, Calif.

TIME's Men of the Year have managed to terrify the people of the earth.

Francis Lee Naud
Trinity Center, Calif.

Your double-headed Man of the Year is well chosen. Since both are reasonable men, not madmen in the Khomeini and Gaddafi image, no bombs have been dropped. After a century of Pax Britannica and a short period of Pax Americana, the world has entered the phase of Pax Atomica. The only danger is the so-called peace movement in the West, which imperils the balance of power. This can lead to nuclear war or to nuclear blackmail and surrender of the West. Andropov's side will not relinquish its strength.

Victor Alin
Wayne, Pa.

No American should have to share the cover with a Communist.

Marianne Kopko
Newtown, Conn.

Certainly this is the first time Ronald Reagan has appeared to the left and Yuri Andropov to the right of anything.

Joe Cestone
New Rochelle, N.Y.

TIME selected two men who are bent on destroying our civilization.

J. Hudson Robinson
South Charleston, W. Va.

Reagan and Andropov should be careful or they will be the last Men of the Year.

Carlos Magallanes
Pasadena, Calif.

Rather than affecting world events, Reagan and Andropov act like two reactionary constants. My proposal for Man of the Year: the terrorist. Beside him, the heads of the two most powerful nations on earth look like frustrated policemen, powerless to stop violence.

Andrew R. Wood
Chambersburg, Pa.

This year's Man of the Year selection is a cop-out. Naming the leaders of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. as Men of the Year is obvious. They are the two most powerful, influential people in the world and invariably dominate the headlines.

Kevin O'Toole
Bartlesville, Okla.

TIME's choice is excellent: a pot and a kettle calling each other black and, while they are doing it, dragging the whole world into the flames.

Ursula Lee
Richland, Mo.

I was surprised and disgusted to see Yuri Andropov as the other Man of the Year. Regardless of the selection criteria of the subject's influence for good or ill, it is inappropriate and inexcusable to give this label to the head of the Soviet Union, our nation's foremost adversary.

Keith Connelly
Monroeville, Pa.

I knew 1983 had hit a low point in our nation's history, but I had no idea it was that bad.

Bob Smith
Sweet Springs, Mo.

Beating Crime

Re TIME's Sept. 5 stories on violence: I would like to send a message to Andrea, the woman who said she could cry when she thought of what Rapist David Partridge did to the poor 13-year-old girl Heather. As the investigating officer on the case, I spent a lot of time with Heather, and I am glad to report that on Dec. 22, in the Worcester Superior Court, Partridge was found guilty of kidnaping, unnatural rape and rape of a child. On Dec. 23, the judge sentenced Partridge to two concurrent life terms at Walpole State Prison. My job is made easier when I am able to reassure the next rape victim that the courts have spoken on how to handle repeat offenders and that they will not get away with it.

Officer Raymond Kraszyk
Police Department
Fitchburg, Mass.

Press on Trial

Many of us grew up believing that the First Amendment was the foundation of our Bill of Rights and that if necessary we would fight and die for it. Sadly, the slanders, libels, bias and arrogance that have become the hallmark of much press and television coverage [Dec. 12] force Americans to question that commitment.

Louisville Newspaper Executive Barry Bingham Sr., quoted in your article, is right: "You cannot hold on to a free press if it behaves irresponsibly."

John Gavin
U.S. Ambassador to Mexico
Mexico City

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Letters

TV Rock

The rock videos [Dec. 26] are one more blight for the generation that has already had its brain fried by TV.

*Jack Risdell
New York City*

MTV is the '80s' Woodstock.

*Eddie Salmon
Mobile, Ala.*

Rock videos are nothing more than commercials designed to sell rock music. The product is certainly selling well. But then, so are dog food, pesticides and Kitty Litter.

*Joel T. Stovall
Corona, Calif.*

Despite video's dazzling graphics and fabulous dancing, I find my own images and interpretations of the music superior. Once you have seen the video, your own imagination is stunted, and you accept that picture as the song's only visual translation.

*Bertha R. Mitrani
New York City*

Too many rock videos have violent themes and sexual images that can be seen by young viewers in the daytime.

*Greg Allen
Beach Haven Park, N.J.*

MTV's repetitive format palls quickly.

*Vicki Dickinson
Huntington Beach, Calif.*

How could Randy Newman's asinine *I Love L.A.* make your top 20 videos and not Duran Duran's *Hungry Like the Wolf* or *Union of the Snake*?

*Stacey E. Henry
Clarksboro, N.J.*

Ninety-nine percent of the rock videos are musically insipid, banal and worthless. A good song does not need hokey visuals to give it meaning.

*Barrett Kalellis, Music Director
Detroit Contemporary Chamber Ensemble
Detroit*

Images '83

Your Images [Dec. 26] said more than words ever could and expressed feelings of pride and sorrow.

*Steven D. Splatt
Brigantine, N.J.*

We were disappointed to see that Frank Reynolds was not included in your retrospective. Frank was one of the best-liked newsmen in television history. His tragic death last July saddened millions of Americans.

*Tom Goodman
ABC's World News Tonight
New York City*

I and other Chicago Bears fans feel neglected in having been denied a final farewell to football's father, "Papa Bear" George Halas.

*Kevin C. Schifler
Richmond, Ind.*

Terrorism at Home

The publicity given to terrorism [Dec. 26] only exacerbates the problem. If this hype continues, we in the U.S. will inevitably suffer the consequences.

*David C. Lyons
Madison, Conn.*

Now we can understand why the Shah of Iran put the fanatics who opposed him in jail.

*Leo Feinstein
Boynton Beach, Fla.*

Frightened Children

Your report on hot lines for latchkey children [Dec. 19] gives the impression that it is all right to leave children without sitters as long as there is a phone service the youngster can call for help. On the contrary, this is child neglect. Nine-year-olds have not yet developed the ability to respond correctly to the various emergencies they may face.

*Richard T. Scofield
Publishers
School Age Notes
Nashville*

Support for Silkwood

Your review of *Silkwood* [Dec. 19] is nasty and obtuse. *Silkwood* is a troubling film, and Meryl Streep is brilliant. The movie does not patronize working-class people, but shows the horrors of their subjection to nightmares like radioactive contamination.

*John Carmody
Wichita, Kans.*

Los Angeles Police

For your article on the Los Angeles police department's intelligence division [Dec. 26], you interviewed many people on our staff and asked many questions that were answered fully. Unfortunately, your report raises the same questions but does not include the answers. You could have written a balanced piece. You did not. You should have been accurate. You were not. You should be ashamed. I doubt that you are.

*Daryl F. Gates
Chief of Police
Los Angeles Police Department
Los Angeles*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Nation

TIME/JANUARY 16, 1984

Looking For a Way Out

Jackson's coup creates an opening in Lebanon

The scene was historical theater at its best, complete with tears, smiles and the unlikely of co-stars. There, standing in White House Rose Garden and surrounded by beaming relatives, was Navy Lieut. Robert Goodman, dramatically home after a month in a Syrian jail. There was the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the Democratic presidential aspirant whose audacious diplomacy won Goodman his freedom. And there, in the middle, was Ronald Reagan, who a week earlier had declined to take Jackson's calls before the Baptist minister left for Damascus. But now the President graciously thanked the amateur envoy for his "personal mission of mercy." Any questions about Syrian President Hafez Assad's motives for releasing Goodman or the propriety of Jackson's engaging in foreign negotiations were lost in the fervor of the moment. As Reagan put it, "You don't quarrel with success."

The diplomatic coup earned political points for Jackson (see following story) and raised hopes for a settlement in Lebanon that would allow the Reagan Administration gracefully to withdraw the 1,800 U.S. Marines from Beirut. Making no mention of its own 40,000 soldiers in eastern Lebanon, the Syrian government said its gesture should prompt Washington "to end its military involvement in Lebanon." Though Reagan remained opposed to a U.S. pullout now, he did send a thank-you message to Assad saying that "this is an opportune moment to put all the issues on the table."

The liberation of Goodman at least eased tensions between the two countries, whose worsening relations deteriorated sharply in December when Syrian anti-aircraft batteries fired on U.S. reconnaissance planes over eastern Lebanon. During a retaliatory strike the next day, two U.S. fighter-bombers were shot down and Goodman was captured. The new mood could be seen in small ways: Syrian televi-

sion and newspapers carried the full text of Reagan's note to Assad, while the U.S. President expressed a willingness to meet with the Syrian leader. Donald Rumsfeld, Reagan's special envoy to the Middle East, is now expected to see Assad on his current swing through the region.

The improving climate comes at an important time. Lebanese President Amin Gemayel is engaged in delicate negotiations with his country's brawling factions over a security pact that would extend his military authority beyond Beirut and strengthen the buffer zones between Christians and the Shi'ite Muslims and Druze. Washington is pushing the plan not only because it will enhance the chances for a lasting cease-fire but because it could provide an opportunity to redeploy the Marines to safer ground. Two of America's partners in the Multi-National Force also were increasingly restive about being pinned down in Beirut. France announced that in late January it would transfer one-fourth of its

1,750-man garrison to rejoin the United Nations Force in southern Lebanon. Italy plans to cut its contingent from 2,200 to 1,100 in the near future. Britain alone has promised not to reduce its presence, but its troops number only 100 or so.

Meanwhile, pressure built on Capitol Hill for an immediate redeployment, if



Flanked by his wife, left, and mother, Goodman receives congratulations as Jackson looks on

Appointment in Damascus: Jackson and Assad



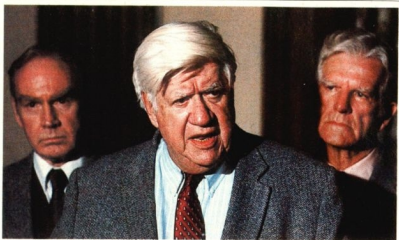
not outright withdrawal, of the Marines. House Democratic leaders met to re-examine their support of a measure that allows the Marines to stay in Lebanon until April 1985, while three former CIA chiefs, Stansfield Turner, James Schlesinger and William Colby, urged that the men at least be moved from the Beirut airport. Said House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who firmly backed the Marines' extension last fall: "Patience is wearing very thin. There is no way we are going to be idle if the President doesn't do something within the next couple of weeks."

Just how bloody Lebanon can be was illustrated last week, when 16 Israeli Kfir jets swooped down and bombed a cluster of villages near Baalbek. Beirut radio reported that as many as 100 were killed and 300 wounded. Most of the casualties, according to the International Committee of the Red Cross, were civilians. Israeli military officials claimed to have destroyed two bases used by Iranian-supported Shi'ite guerrillas to launch attacks against Israeli troops in southern Lebanon.

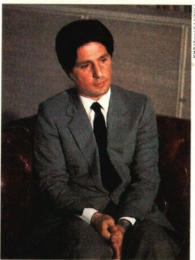
If Goodman's release startled Washington, it did not surprise the supremely confident Jackson. Two weeks ago, he learned through press reports that Rumsfeld had not even mentioned Goodman during talks in Damascus. Jackson blasted the Administration for not doing enough to free the airman, and within days the Syrians said he would be welcome in Damascus. He insisted he would not go if Reagan asked him not to, but four telephone calls to the President went unreturned.

Before talking with Assad, Jackson met with Syrian religious figures and members of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Though the Muslim and Christian leaders opposed Goodman's release, their American visitor made an impassioned plea for mercy. He then persuaded Mahmoud Labadi, a P.L.O. spokesman, to present Jackson's case for freeing Goodman to P.L.O. faction leaders in Damascus. It was they who subsequently urged the Syrians to give up the flyer.

On Monday, after a day's delay, Jackson met with Assad at a secluded villa north of Damascus. As TV cameras rolled, the Syrian President warmly embraced Jackson, whom he had met in



House Speaker Tip O'Neill after Hill meeting: "Patience is wearing very thin"



Lebanese President Amin Gemayel

1979, when the civil rights leader toured the Middle East. For a man who was hospitalized with a heart ailment just two months ago, Assad looked remarkably hale. He talked with the group for about an hour, then conferred with Jackson alone for 20 minutes. Jackson argued that keeping Goodman would not stop U.S. reconnaissance flights over eastern Lebanon. To concentrate on those missions, said Jackson, was to focus on the mailman instead of the post office. But if Assad released the flyer, Jackson maintained, he would fuel demands within the U.S. for a Marine pullout and achieve his larger goal. Jackson then engaged in a bit of chicanery: he said that if he returned to the U.S. without Goodman, he would be "beat up on" by the "Zionists" in an upcoming debate. Jackson admitted to reporters later that there was no such debate scheduled.

Assad promised only to discuss the matter with his aides. Syrian officials had been debating the merits of releasing Goodman almost from the day he was shot down, and Jackson's plea tipped the

balance. Jackson was given the good news the next day by Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam. Ambassador Robert Paganelli, who was not invited to Jackson's briefing, was informed moments later. Meanwhile, Goodman was driven from his Damascus military jail to the U.S. embassy. After putting on a tie and brown tweed jacket supplied by Jackson, he had a celebratory lunch at the Damascus-Sheraton and boarded an Air Force C-141 for the flight home. As the transport plane gained altitude, TIME Correspondent Jack White reported, a relieved Jackson paraded down the aisle exulting, "From Galilee to jubilee!"

Awakened at 5:30 a.m. with the news, a genuinely ebullient Reagan gave Jackson his full due. "If that guy could get him out and we couldn't, more power to him," he told aides. Good manners, in this case, also meant good politics: by being so generous with his praise, Reagan reinforced his nice-guy image and blunted any future attacks by Jackson about the Administration's handling of the Goodman case. Says a White House official: "We would have lost by scrimping."

Reagan's advisers admitted that Rumsfeld had never brought up Goodman with the Syrians, but only because Washington had not wanted the flyer to become a bargaining chip in negotiations on Lebanon. White House aides asserted that Reagan did not return Jackson's calls for fear of destroying the minister's credibility with the Syrians. If the President had talked to him, they said, Jackson might have carried the taint of an official emissary. During the Rose Garden ceremony, Jackson thanked Reagan for at least not impeding his mission.

Assad had much to gain by freeing Goodman. He came off as reasonable and conciliatory, an impression at odds with his dictatorial rule. He made it more difficult for the U.S. to flex its military muscle against Syria without appearing to be a warmonger. Most U.S. officials interpreted Assad's decision as a signal that Syria

during their 90-minute meeting last week



An Officer and a Gentleman Comes Home



After his capture last month

He looked so horribly vulnerable in that first photograph, a stark, grainy shot of a dazed U.S. soldier, eyes rolled back, mouth agape, body slumped insensibly on the shoulder of his impulsive Syrian captor. For a month, that disturbing image came to mind whenever Americans thought about the young Navy flyer who had been shot down during a bombing run over Lebanon, the first U.S. serviceman taken prisoner in combat since Viet Nam. Lieut. Robert O. Goodman Jr., 27, did not see the picture until last week, when he was flying back home aboard a military plane. He stared at himself and said numbly, "That's pretty bad."

He looked pretty good getting off a VC-137 jet at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland. Wearing his Navy dress blue uniform with gold trim, Goodman began a chaotic week of welcoming ceremonies, television interviews, motorcades and military debriefings. More than just a prisoner found alive and well, Goodman emerged as a self-possessed naval officer who could exhibit surpassing poise and dignity.

At a White House ceremony held only five hours after Goodman landed at Andrews, President Reagan praised the young officer's conduct in captivity, saying he "exemplified qualities of leadership and loyalty." Those traits are deeply ingrained. The son of a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel, Goodman was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Later he moved to his father's new station at Portsmouth, N.H., where he pushed himself hard to become an A student and football player in high school. He went to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and later attended Navy flight school in Pensacola, Fla. Goodman married Terry Lynn Bryant, whom he had met in high school. The couple and their two daughters, Tina, 7, by Terry's previous marriage, and Morgan, 2, moved to Virginia Beach, Va., two years ago, when Goodman was assigned to Attack Squadron 85 at Oceana Naval Air Station. Last September the squadron was posted to the Mediterranean aboard the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy*.

Goodman can only vaguely recall the Syrian gunfire that downed his A-6 fighter last Dec. 4, killing the pilot, Lieut. Mark Lange, 26, and leaving Goodman a P.O.W. "I remember the plane being jostled," Goodman said, "and instead of looking at the sky, I was looking at the ground." Ejected from the plunging aircraft, he passed out, awakening to the sensation of "ropes so tight my fingers were numb." His knee and shoulder were injured during the mission. Goodman was taken to a six-story military compound in Damascus and locked in a dank basement room, where he endured threats, occasional beatings ("They weren't trying to hurt me, just trying to scare me") and shrill

interrogations. His answers, he said, were "very vague."

A visit from the Red Cross four days after his capture was followed by a move to a larger room and slightly better treatment. He saw a doctor, perused some 60,000 cards and letters that poured in from the U.S., and read books: Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*, James Michener's *Chesapeake*, Len Deighton's *XPD*, Robert Ludlum's *The Parsifal Mosaic*. "The next thing I was going to read," he said, "was *The Right Stuff*." Goodman also watched Syrian television, which to his surprise carried old John Wayne movies and episodes of the television sitcom *Gimme a Break*. Goodman found his guards' occasional kindness "unnerving," mixed as it was with humiliating, false assurances of imminent release. Goodman steered himself by thinking daily about "the P.O.W. experience that I had been trained to withstand." Learning of his release only half an hour ahead of time, Goodman reacted coolly. He later explained, "I didn't want them [the Syrians] to get to me. I was pretty reserved until I was walking out the door."

In fact, Goodman kept his guard up long after his plane had landed in the U.S. He diplomatically thanked "all the people involved in getting me home a little bit earlier than envisioned," and at times appeared uncomfortable under Jesse Jackson's smothering wing. He was more at ease at the Pentagon. After meeting with Secretary of the Navy John

Lehman, Goodman delighted his superiors with his confident handling of the press. Holding a 15-inch model of the A-6, he defended the fighter as "one of the most capable aircraft in the world."

Members of Goodman's family showed their emotions more. When they heard about Jackson's plan to fly to Syria, both his father and his mother, who are divorced, were polite but firm about their misgivings. Jackson tried to reassure them about the mission, and they reacted joyfully to word of its success. Said Robert Sr.: "Jackson deserves all the credit in the world." Soon after Goodman was turned over to the U.S. embassy in Damascus, the elder

Goodmans were reunited with Robert via satellite on the morning news shows. Before millions of television viewers, they spoke with touchingly awkward grace. Goodman's wife Terry, who had waited out the ordeal at their home in Virginia Beach, met her husband at Andrews with a wordless embrace. Her low-profile role had perhaps been the toughest. "She just kept on," marveled her next-door neighbor, Susan Wachter. "I don't think I could have done it. She's definitely a good Navy wife."

With his wife's blessing, Goodman vowed to return to duty as soon as he recovers from surgery on his injured knee. The weary homecomer had little time for privacy and rest. After a noisy reunion with friends in Virginia, Goodman headed for home-town Portsmouth to celebrate "Robert Goodman Day." He seemed embarrassed by the fuss. As he insisted all along, "I'm not a hero... I'm a naval officer."

—By *Alessandra Stanley*. Reported by *Bruce van Voorst/Washington* and *Jack E. White* with Jackson



After his return: Goodman and his wife at the White House

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

wants a rapprochement with the U.S., rather than more confrontation. White House aides insist that Syria has been impressed by American willingness to strike back, with both fighter-bombers and battleship guns, and point out that U.S. reconnaissance planes have not been shot at since mid-December.

Washington also is encouraged by the reception given Gemayel's security plan for the one-third of Lebanon not controlled by the Syrians or the Israelis. When the Lebanese President visited the U.S. in December, Administration officials bluntly told him to make peace with his opponents fast, or else wave goodbye to the Marines. "This time it sank in," says a senior U.S. diplomat. "Since then we have kept the blowtorch on."

The security plan, which is being worked out with the aid of Syrian and Saudi Arabian envoys, calls for the Lebanese Army to move south from Beirut to the Awali River, where the Israeli occupation zone begins, and north toward the port city of Tripoli, which the Syrians dominate. Lebanese police forces would patrol the hills above Beirut, the Chouf Mountains and the volatile southern suburbs. By moving equally into both Muslim and Christian strongholds, the government hopes to silence the guns of the warring militias.

One hitch is that Gemayel wants the Marines to act as a back-up for the Lebanese Army as it expands its area of control. "Are you kidding?" says a top State Department official, reflecting Washington's lack of enthusiasm for the idea. Agrees a White House aide: "One thing we won't do is appear to be marching alongside the Lebanese Army." The Syrians and Israelis apparently do not object to the plan, while two key Lebanese factions, the Christian Phalange and the Shi'ite Muslim group known as Amal, have tentatively pledged their support. But Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt, concerned about Lebanese soldiers entering his fief in the Chouf, said the arrangement was "not acceptable," which prompted another bout of last-minute dickering. If the agreement is implemented, the U.S. expects Gemayel to make good on his promises to share power. Notes a senior State Department official: "The security pact would clear the way for national reconciliation to go forward."

U.S. officials nonetheless caution against optimism. "There has been a lot of hype in calling this arrangement new and comprehensive," says a State Department staffer. "Everyone seems to want to do this, but this is the Middle East, remember."

Israeli cooperation is especially important. Plagued by continuing casualties and poor morale among its 28,000 troops in southern Lebanon, Jerusalem is contemplating pulling most of them out without a simultaneous Syrian withdrawal. A hasty exit could bring chaos. Israeli officials, however, insist they would coor-

dinate their move with the Lebanese Army, which would enhance Gemayel's authority.

It is ironic that just as hopes for a settlement are rising slightly, support for the Administration's Middle East policies is eroding. Members of Congress began returning to Washington last week from the holiday recess, and their ears were ringing with constituents' complaints about the Marine presence in Beirut. Republican Charles Percy of Illinois, who heads the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, voiced his disapproval, while Texas Republican John Tower, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, hastily flew to the Middle East to study the employment. National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane met with House Republican leaders to try to quell their misgivings. He argued that the Marines were now adequately protected from attack. Not only are some 500 to 600 ferried from the airport to the ships every night, but those on shore now live in underground bunkers built of steel ship cargo containers.

McFarlane's pep talk temporarily soothed the Republicans, but unless sub-

stantial progress is made by Gemayel, White House aides expect Congress to begin an urgent review of U.S. policy in Lebanon as soon as it reconvenes on Jan. 23. Says Democratic Congressman G.V. ("Sonny") Montgomery of Mississippi, an influential hawk: "The way I read it, both sides—Democrats and Republicans—will give the President until the first of March to get something done." If Reagan cannot show results, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee might pass a resolution demanding a Marine pullout by April 1. To get around a possible veto, the lawmakers might push for a nonbinding sense-of-Congress resolution against the stationing of Marines in Beirut.

his victory would be Pyrrhic. Matters probably would not get that far: the Administration has decided not to expend much more political capital defending its policy. Although Reagan publicly appears to be dug in on his Lebanese policy, advisers privately say that he is actively looking for an exit, even if it means abandoning Gemayel. Promised a top adviser: "If Don Rumsfeld comes back and says there is no way Gemayel can put everything together, Reagan will say let's get out."

But if the security accord is approved, the President will have gained merely a little more time to study his options, not a full license to keep the Marines in Beirut through the election year. White House aides dismiss the possibility of a complete pullout right away, saying it would cause the Gemayel government to fall and lead to the permanent partitioning of Lebanon. At the same time, the aides are increasingly skeptical about the possibility of moving the troops away from the Beirut airport. To begin with, any redeployment would be discussed with Congress, which would only inflame the debate over whether the Marines should be in the country at all. By



Marines erecting a fence at their Beirut compound this month to deflect bomb fragments

keeping the Marines at the airport, the Administration would have a polite way to turn down Gemayel's request that troops be stationed with the Lebanese Army as it pushes down the coastal highway. But even the most apolitical policymakers know that the days of the Marine contingent in Lebanon are numbered. "In a few months, if the trends seem positive, then that will be the time we can say O.K., now we can leave in good conscience," says a State Department official. If, on the other hand, another slash of violence bloodies the Marines, the men could be home in days. Jesse Jackson got one U.S. serviceman out last week. President Reagan has a much harder task: getting the other 1,800 out.

Either way, the prospect is unsettling for the White House. Even if Reagan successfully vetoed the congressional action,

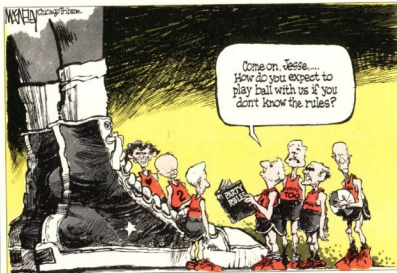
—By James Kelly,
Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington and
William Stewart/Beirut

Stepping on Mondale's Lines

A diplomatic gambit enlivens the lethargic Democratic race

Democratic Front Runner Walter Mondale had expected to open the 1984 election year with a media blitz. He would attack Ronald Reagan's "ad-lib foreign policy" and outline his own supposedly more cohesive alternatives in a hard-hitting speech to the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. Then, in a DC-9 loaded with reporters, he would aggressively tour the South, where he hopes to wrap up his party's presidential nomination by mid-March. But when he stepped to the microphone in Washington, Mondale joined a media blitz for another candidate. "All of us are proud of the Rev. Jackson's success," Mondale began. "He deserves our

experts had doubts. "Jesse can get every political prisoner released in the world, and he can't be nominated," contended Joe Reed, chairman of the all-black Alabama Democratic Conference, which has endorsed Mondale for President and Jackson for Vice President. Jackson, naturally, took a more upbeat view. "God will provide," he said. "Who could have ever imagined that there would be a black pilot from Portsmouth, N.H., being held in a jail in Damascus?" His plans to hold a political rally with Goodman in Portsmouth on Saturday were nixed by the Navy, which said its regulations forbid political appearances by servicemen.



thanks on this happy day for Lieut. Goodman, his family and our country."

Jesse Jackson's dramatic rescue mission in Syria was a political coup that the seven other Democratic candidates could only envy and praise. For most of a week, the black minister's exploits topped the evening news and produced big newspaper headlines. Even a primary win would not have attracted more publicity, conceded Sergio Bendixen, Alan Cranston's campaign manager. Maxine Isaacs, Mondale's press secretary, said of the former Vice President's staff: "If we were younger and less experienced, we'd be depressed." With one stroke, Jackson, by successfully gaining the release of Navy Flyer Robert Goodman, gave his campaign a credibility that it had sorely lacked. Said Andrew Young, Atlanta's black mayor: "When Jesse says something visionary now, people won't take it as ridiculous."

But will Jackson's publicity bonanza produce enough votes to shake up the Democratic race seriously? Many political

Most analysts saw Jackson gaining as a potential spoiler in the race, possibly slowing Mondale's drive toward an early lock on the nomination. To do so, Jackson would have to show unexpectedly well on "Super Tuesday," March 13, when primaries will be held in Alabama, Georgia, Florida and three other states. "His next move is critical," said Georgia Democratic Chairman Bert Lance. "He still has the basic problems of money and organization."

Jackson's staff is so disorganized that even though he raised enough money in 20 states last year to qualify for matching federal funds, it could not assemble the required records to prove this in time to beat a New Year's deadline. The contributions, roughly \$400,000, are far short of the funds needed to mount a major challenge to either Mondale or John Glenn, who have collected \$9.35 million and \$5.7 million, respectively. Jackson has fewer than a dozen paid staffers, compared with more than 160 each for Mondale and Glenn and about 45 for Gary Hart.

An example of the Jackson campaign's mistakes occurred when National Political Adviser Lamond Godwin mistakenly predicted that Birmingham Mayor Richard Arrington would support Jackson, even though Arrington had earlier persuaded the Alabama Democratic Conference to endorse Mondale. Last week he threw his personal support to Mondale and backed Jackson for Vice President.

Despite Jackson's new reputation as a mover and shaker, he is unlikely to induce the Democratic National Committee to change its delegate-selection rules, which he claims are rigged to help front runners. Specifically, Jackson objects to a rule that allows states to require that candidates win at least 20% of the vote in a congressional district to pick up any convention delegates. He would also like to overturn the winner-take-all provisions in seven large states.

In the Iowa caucus on Feb. 20, Jackson's Syrian success will probably not gain him much. Said Iowa Democratic Committee Chairman David Nagle: "Iowa is an organization state, and Jackson doesn't have an organization here." As for New Hampshire, any attempt to exploit Goodman's ties to the state cannot be built on race, since its black population is less than 5%. Elsewhere, in states where Jewish votes and fund raising are influential in Democratic politics, Jackson has probably slipped rather than gained, since his relationship with Syrian President Hafez Assad is a source of resentment.

Jackson hopes to enhance his new image as a leader in a nationally televised debate at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire next Sunday, a forum in which he should excel. Even if he does not steal that show, Jackson has achieved enough notice to guarantee that he will not be lost or forgotten in the pack. At the least, Jackson may be able to help shape the party platform at the Democratic Convention. Stanford Political Scientist Seymour Martin Lipset thinks that Jackson has stepped ahead of Cranston, Hart and George McGovern as the most influential candidate from the party's left wing, which includes some 20% of Democratic voters. Predicts Lipset: "Whoever the nominee is will probably have to make Jackson some promises."

However envious the other Democratic candidates might be of Jackson's unexpected dash into the national spotlight, all may have benefited indirectly from his heroics. He not only made their expected November foe, Ronald Reagan, look ineffectual for not gaining Goodman's release earlier, but brought new stirrings of excitement to a Democratic race that had been drifting toward tedium almost before it began. For the moment, anyway, Jesse Jackson was the life of the party.

—By Ed Magnusson, Reported by Joseph N. Boyce/Atlanta and Jack E. White with Jackson

Burned Wick

Suffering hard times

As Comedian Jimmy Durante used to put it, everybody wants to get into the act. The act in question last week was the investigation of United States Information Agency Director Charles Z. Wick's surreptitious tapings of his telephone conversations with Government officials, celebrities and foreign businessmen. By week's end two congressional committees and the General Services Administration had launched investigations into Wick's low-fi misdeeds. When the *New York Times*, in its third front-page story on the subject in seven days, revealed that last March Wick taped two conversations from a Palm Beach hotel with White House Chief of Staff James Baker, the Florida state attorney in Palm Beach County announced that he too was launching an inquiry. The reason: a Florida law makes it a felony to tape telephone calls within the state clandestinely.

Secret taping is not illegal under federal or District of Columbia law. However, a 1981 GSA regulation generally forbids the recording of telephone conversations by Government employees if the other party has not consented, a fact that two USA general counsels brought to Wick's attention in March 1981.

Late in the week Wick got public support from a close friend, the President. Said Reagan: "He has done a splendid job. I think the whole USA is far superior to anything that has ever been, and he's going to continue there." Perhaps Reagan phoned his views to Wick, who just might have put them on the record. ■

Whew!

Four alarming minutes

"Urgent. All stations. This is an attack warning... Take appropriate action."

At 11:14 a.m. last Wednesday, the Pennsylvania emergency management agency in Harrisburg relayed that message to 44 county civil defense agencies. A conscientious civil defense worker in Lehigh County set off the nuclear-attack sirens and was about to contact the Emergency Broadcast System, which warns localities of a nuclear attack, when at 11:18 a.m. he received another message: "Disregard."

The warning was accidentally sent out by two Harrisburg AT&T technicians who were installing new emergency telephone equipment. Most county officials chose not to broadcast the message before they could confirm it. Even in alerted Allentown, Lehigh County's largest city, most residents took the sirens, some dating back to World War II, for fire alarms. Said one practical-minded Pennsylvanian: "An alarm system really wouldn't matter if there was a nuclear war anyway." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Using Hope Against Adversity

Ronald Reagan even takes his optimism to bed with him. Last Tuesday at 5:30 a.m. his phone roused him from sleep with the news that Lieut. Robert Goodman had been released by the Syrians into the eager arms of Presidential Contender Jesse Jackson. Reagan huskily brushed aside the option that he play down Jackson's triumph. Reagan never met a piece of good news he didn't like, even at dawn. His instincts told him Goodman, Jackson, the U.S. and Reagan could all be winners.

By 9 a.m. he had elevated Goodman's release to a religious experience. When he encountered an aide in the Oval Office, Reagan blurted, "Our prayers have been answered. We've got him home." Two hours later, the President was surrounded by somber staff members who were grappling with the larger problem of peace in Lebanon. Special Envoy Donald Rumsfeld poured out his frustration. Other aides piled high their grim tidings of confusion and doubt. Yet Reagan rummaged through the debris for new ideas and different combinations, glints of hope no matter how faint. Finally Mike Deaver, who knows the inner Reagan better than anyone else, leaned over and said, "There's got to be a pony in there some place." The tension dissolved in laughter.

That punch line from one of Reagan's favorite jokes (Confronted with a pile of horse manure, an optimistic boy digs through it cheerfully, proclaiming, "There must be a pony in there some place") may sum him up better



After three years, his pride is undimmed

than all the words that have been written about him. Nothing about the man endures like his optimism. It has carried him intact through the third year of his presidency, which legend says is the toughest. It is the rainbow he is riding into 1984, the year described by one friend as "the fateful fourth." This President still believes he can nudge the world into better shape.

Presidents in the past—Lincoln during the Civil War, F.D.R. during the Depression—have made things happen by the sheer force of their convictions. Presidents usually find it easier to influence events at home, where their powers of persuasion are felt most keenly. If the economy continues to hold up, Reagan believes his fourth year will be dominated by foreign affairs. How to reach the mystic Syrian Hafez Assad and the ghostly Soviet Yuri Andropov? He is using Goodman's release in an attempt to change the Lebanon environment before time runs out for a settlement. In the next week or so he plans to give a major address urging the Soviets to come back to the arms negotiations. Assad and Andropov may prove to be implacable. But Reagan has had too much success for anybody to laugh at him for trying. At the same time, he has had too many setbacks for him to believe in his own invincibility.

Reagan has abandoned any private coyness about his candidacy ("If I decide to run..."). Returning from California last week, he spoke frankly with his advisers about the upcoming campaign for a second term. In a singular way he is exhilarated by the promise of political combat. It gets him out of Washington and into the fuselage of the majestic Air Force One, no little joy. "It sure beats TWA," says an aide.

Reagan is the first President in 20 years to work only in the Oval Office, not in the hideaways down the hall or in the Executive Office Building. That is a measure of his unabashed, boyish pride in holding the top job. That pride is undimmed, despite the mudslinging over the likes of Watt and Wick. "Part of the game," shrugs Reagan. He has never removed his coat in the Oval Office, nor will he, so strong is his sense of tradition. The Oval Office now reflects the subtle colors of Reagan's West and displays his bronze cowboy figures, but it remains, with its oil paintings of events and leaders, a polished museum of American purpose, from Lexington and Concord to the present. That purpose was shaped by a faith, much like Reagan's own, in the power of hope over adversity.

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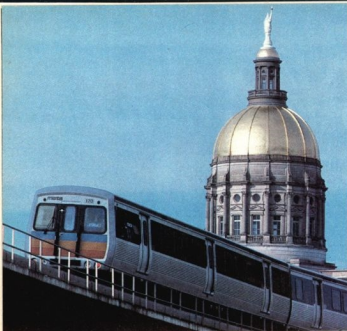
VANTAGE SALUTES THE 1984 PGA TOUR.

SEE THE VANTAGE SCOREBOARDS AT THESE 1984 PGA TOUR TOURNAMENTS*

Jan.	2-8	Seiko/Tucson Match Play Championship	Tucson, AZ
	11-15	Bob Hope Classic	Palm Springs, CA
	19-22	Phoenix Open	Phoenix, AZ
	26-29	Isuzu-Andy Williams San Diego Open	San Diego, CA
Feb.	2-5	Bing Crosby National Pro-Am	Monterey, CA
	16-19	Los Angeles Open	Los Angeles, CA
Mar.	1-4	Honda Classic	Ft. Lauderdale, FL
	22-25	USF&G Classic	New Orleans, LA
	29-4/1	Tournament Players Championship	Jacksonville, FL
Apr.	5-8	Greater Greensboro Open	Greensboro, NC
	19-22	Sea Pines Heritage Golf Classic	Hilton Head, SC
May	3-6	MONY Tournament of Champions	Carlsbad, CA
	10-13	Byron Nelson Golf Classic	Dallas, TX
	17-20	Colonial National Invitation	Ft. Worth, TX
June	7-10	Manufacturers Hanover Westchester Classic	Westchester, NY
	21-24	Georgia-Pacific Atlanta Golf Classic	Atlanta, GA
	21-24	Senior Tournament Players Championship	Cleveland, OH
July	5-8	Western Open	Chicago, IL
	19-22	Miller High Life Quad Cities Open	Moline, IL
	26-29	Sammy Davis, Jr.—Greater Hartford Open	Hartford, CT
Aug.	9-12	Buick Open	Flint, MI
	16-19	PGA Championship	Birmingham, AL
	23-26	World Series of Golf	Akron, OH
	30-9/2	B. C. Open	Endicott, NY
Sept.	6-9	The Bank of Boston Classic	Boston, MA
	13-16	Greater Milwaukee Open	Milwaukee, WI
	19-23	Panasonic Las Vegas Classic	Las Vegas, NV
	27-30	LaJet Coors Classic	Abilene, TX
Oct.	4-7	Texas Open	San Antonio, TX
	11-14	Southern Open	Columbus, GA
	25-28	Pensacola Open	Pensacola, FL
Dec.	TBA	J.C. Penney Classic	Tampa, FL
	TBA	Chrysler Team Invitational	Boca Raton, FL

*Dates subject to change.





Atlanta's MARTA zooms by Georgia's gold-domed statehouse



At sunset, Baltimore's Metro glides toward the city's downtown

Mass Transit Makes a Comeback

New subways and light-rail systems whoosh off drawing boards

Near dawn one nippy day last November, several dozen sleepy citizens of Baltimore gathered at the new Reisterstown Plaza station just northwest of downtown. After seven years of jackhammered streets and more than a quarter-century of discussion and planning, they were eager to board the city's gleaming new subway for its first passenger run. Just past 5 a.m., the shiny silver-and-blue Metro cars, built at a cost of \$600,000 each, whooshed into view. Marveled Mark Miller, a radio announcer who had risen at 3:30 to catch the inaugural trip: "It was a dream come true."

Mass transit is on the move. Baltimore's sparkling Metro is just the most recent result of a boom in urban rail-system construction. "There is more development going on now than in the past 100 years," exults Jack Gilstrap, executive vice president of the American Public Transit Association (A.P.T.A.). Since 1972, when San Francisco cut the ribbon on its high-tech headache, BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit), six other U.S. cities have opened new rail systems. Six cities currently have lines under construction. Thirteen other systems either have been proposed or are on the drawing boards.

Part of the allure of these new networks is, simply, prestige. "I call it the Hyatt Regency mentality," says David Prosper, assistant professor of planning at the University of Cincinnati. "Many cities think they have to have a rail system to be a first-class city." Underneath the *arriviste* attitude, however, lies a persistent conviction, not always well placed, that

mass transit can reduce congestion in traffic-choked downtowns, spark commercial growth and control pollution. Says A.P.T.A.'s Gilstrap: "When businesses decide where to locate, they look for a city that works well. Good mass transit is both evidence and a symbol of that."

Much of the present flurry has its origins in the 1973 Arab oil embargo, which persuaded many motorists to flee long gas lines for less frustrating subways and buses. The mounting energy crisis also

Miami's Metrorail idle after a bad test run



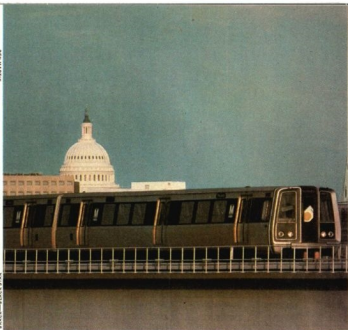
spurred the Federal Government to provide up to 50% of transit systems' operating costs. Until then, money had been available only for capital and planning assistance. One result of this increased federal largesse was an investment spree in capital-intensive projects such as subways and electrified rail. There were some less benign results: fares well under the actual cost of service, leading inevitably to big operating deficits, and growing dependence on Washington for mass-transit support. In 1975, the first fiscal year in which operating subsidies were available, capital grants totaled \$1.28 billion and operating grants totaled \$142.5 million. By 1981 those figures had ballooned to \$2.94 billion and \$1.13 billion respectively. "From a local standpoint, federal mass-transit aid is cheap," says Gerald Miller, acting director of the transportation program at the Urban Institute, a Washington, D.C.-based think tank. "You can put up a couple of hundred million dollars and get billions back."

Baltimore got the message. A full 80% of the whopping \$797 million price tag for the system's initial eight-mile leg was paid for with federal dollars. Yet despite the expense, the spanking new Baltimore Metro is a no-frills affair. Its 58 spartan cars have linoleum floors and plastic seats for easy cleaning. The only obvious non-essentially is \$600,000 worth of federally subsidized modern art, including one billboard-size neon sculpture, that decorates each of the nine stations.

Cities like Atlanta climbed aboard early on. From 1972 through 1978, the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA) received a staggering \$990.1 million in federal planning and capital assistance for its sleek new subway system.



Passengers line up for San Diego's bright, boxy "Tijuana Trolley"



Washington's gleaming Metro hums past the Capitol and on to Virginia

tem. The first seven-mile segment, connecting the affluent suburb of Avondale with downtown, opened in 1979. By next December, approximately 25 miles of the proposed 53-mile system will be operational, and two key destinations—the city's bustling airport in the south and Lenox Square, the region's most successful shopping plaza, in the north—will be only 13 minutes apart. "You couldn't drive that distance in that short a period of time at 2 in the morning," boasts MARTA General Manager Kenneth Gregor. "When we finish building our rail system in the next few years, Atlanta will have the best transportation network of any city in this country."

He may be right. A remarkable 40% of the city's commuters use the smooth-riding, French-built aluminum trains, which are graffiti-free and 99% on time. The 4,500 or so buses that previously clogged downtown Atlanta have been rerouted so that most now feed into subway stations, eliminating in large part the city's morning and evening traffic snarl.

The undisputed monument of the newly constructed transit systems is the Washington, D.C., Metro. Compared with New York City's grimy trains and Dantesque tunnels, the system is immaculate and refreshingly polite. Gently flashing lights herald a train's arrival; soft chimes signal its departure. The entire computer-operated 328-car fleet is carpeted, and seats are padded. Work crews doggedly remove graffiti every night. With their majestic vaulted ceilings, the system's 32 underground stations resemble modernistic cathedrals.

Metro's first 4.6-mile leg opened, appropriately enough, during the nation's Bicentennial year. By last

month, when four new Virginia stops were added, the system increased to 47 miles. Daily ridership now is 310,000, up 290,000 since 1975. The system's showcase sheen, however, was largely bought with federal funds, which have underwritten nearly 80% of Metro's \$5 billion construction costs thus far. Moreover, Metro's eye-popping operating deficit, the bulk of which must be borne by the area's taxpayers, totaled \$61 million in 1983 and is expected to double in three years. That could spell trouble for the tracks. Critics are already pushing for a pruning of the system's planned 101-mile length.

In many cities where rail systems are still under construction, however, an all-around enthusiasm prevails. Indeed, a ra-

dio producer in Pittsburgh ran into a major problem last November when he tried to hold an on-air debate on that city's rail-building and -refurbishing project: he could not find anyone opposed to it. By next Thanksgiving, the first of the system's fleet of light-rail cars is scheduled to start rumbling along a 1.1-mile run under the center city; a 9.4-mile aboveground segment connecting downtown to Pittsburgh's South Hills suburbs is expected to open in 1985. So far, local taxpayers have escaped all but 3% of the estimated \$480 million in costs; the state and the Federal Government are picking up the rest. Says James Maloney, former executive director of the Port Authority Transit of Allegheny County: "We expect people to convert to public transit for the first time in their lives."

Buffalo also hopes to lure new riders with its 6.4-mile Light Rail Rapid Transit (LRRT) system, an unconventional marriage of streetcar and subway technologies that is costing \$500 million from state and federal treasuries. The initial 1.2-mile street-level segment, scheduled to open some time this year, will cut through a ten-block-long mall in the city's central commercial district that will be closed to most other traffic. Trips within the transit mall will be free, giving shoppers an incentive to patronize downtown businesses.

Relying on updated versions of traditional trolleys is not limited to older cities. In Oregon, Portland's 15-mile light-rail line linking the city's downtown core to the fast-growing suburb of Gresham is expected to be ready for riding in 1985. The Federal Government has funded \$300 million of the project's \$310 million capital costs, thanks in large measure to the lobbying efforts of Neil Goldschmidt, former Portland mayor and Secre-

Houston's contraflow busways battle rush hour





Life in the fast lane: Bay Area commuters zip by a busy freeway



Nerve center for a high-tech headache: BART's buzzing control room

tary of Transportation under President Carter. Despite Washington's munificence, Portland, with an unpopular mass-transit tax on employers and a noisy constituency of diehard automobile fans, has taken pains to economize: once they leave downtown, the trains will speed along an existing right-of-way parallel to the humming Banfield Freeway.

Not all new transit projects are on track, however. The initial eleven-mile stretch of Metrorail, Miami's elevated railway, was scheduled to open in time to whisk Christmas shoppers to downtown Miami. Now the big day has been postponed until spring. Two federal investigative teams turned up substandard construction work in the nearly \$1 billion system, which is almost 70% funded by Washington. Because of a lengthy strike at the supplier, the Budd Co., only 20 of Metrorail's planned fleet of 136 cars are ready for service. "We're not going to accept this thing until it's totally right," declares Dade County Manager Merrett Stierheim. That moment will come none too soon. Traffic inches along I-95, the area's main thoroughfare, six hours of the day, and downtown parking rates run as high as \$6 for three hours. Despite the poor start, Metrorail still expects to open its second segment, a ten-mile extension to the largely Cuban community of Hialeah, on time this year. In addition, Miami is planning to have by 1985 a 1.9-mile-long "people mover"—automated trains that will shuttle 41,000 commuters daily in a loop around the city's developing downtown.

In the automobile-dominated West, seven major transit systems are planned or proposed. Among the most ambitious cities: Los Angeles, which plans to break ground before the Summer Olympics for an 18-mile, \$3.3 billion subway that will follow the densely built, heavily trafficked Wilshire Boulevard corridor, cut through Hollywood and end up in the San Fernando Valley. The underground will be the centerpiece of an eventual 160-mile network, second in size in the U.S. only to New York City's. Supporters see the rail plan as the last best hope for unclogging the city's fabled 715-mile morass of freeways. Predicts George Gibbs Jr., a local insurance executive and rail cheerleader: "The subway will save Los Angeles from drowning in its own congestion."

Even humming Silicon Valley is planning a new transit system. This spring, Santa Clara County will begin construction of 20 miles of light rail and twelve miles of new freeway. The project's \$382 million price tag is modest by mass-transit standards, in part because the system does not strive to be as high-tech as the computer culture it will serve. Says Susan Wilson, chairwoman of the Santa Clara County Transit District: "We're looking for a good Chevrolet, not a Cadillac."

Need, concern for function over form is advisable. The federal gravy train is slowing down. The Reagan Administration, which is cool to mass transit, initially declared a ban on funding for new rail systems and sought to phase out operating assistance by 1985. Pork-barrel-hungry Congressmen, however, objected to both moves. With the passage of the 5¢-per-gal. gasoline tax, and its one penny for mass transit, the Administration agreed to lift the ban. But Reagan did persuade Congress to whittle operating subsidies by 21%, and in this fiscal year alone won an overall \$400 million cut in capital spending. The gas tax raised \$779 million for mass transit in its first year, and is projected to produce about \$1.1 billion annually. But only about \$400 million will be ear-

A San Francisco cable car gets an overhaul



marked for mass transit. The competition for the dwindling dollars will be fierce. "If a system can pay for itself, that will enhance its chances," advises Urban Mass Transportation Administration (UMTA) Chief Ralph Stanley.

Cost considerations are giving some localities pause. Last summer Houston voters resoundingly rejected a \$2.35 billion bond issue for mass transit, despite the fact that it would have meant no new taxes for the first leg. As a result, the city lost all but \$5.5 million of the \$110 million in federal aid it had been allocated from the gas-tax fund, and its proposed 18-mile heavy-rail system appears to be on permanent hold. "It's a humbling experience to take a liking like we did," admits Alan Kiepper, general manager of Houston's Metropolitan Transit Authority. Houstonians were simply unconvinced that a costly rail line was the answer to their legendary traffic jams. The defeat was also a protest against the high-handed attitude of the local transit board, which had purchased \$139 million worth of Japanese rail cars three months before the bond-issue vote.

By looking to the past, at least one town has validated Reagan's philosophy of local self-reliance: San Diego. When the city's 16-mile line of trolleys was completed in 1981, it was on schedule, under budget and funded entirely from state gas and sales taxes. Dubbed the "Tijuana Trolley" because the line ends 100 ft. from the Mexican border, the bright red streetcars have attracted 4,000 more riders per day than originally projected. Fares, which can go as high as \$1 for a full-run ride and are collected on an honor system, cover a remarkable 80% of operating costs. Says Dick Murphy, chairman of San Diego's Metropolitan Transit Development Board: "Give people a system that is reliable, frequent and reasonable, and they will jump on board."

The trolley's triumph has inspired nostalgic visions. New York City is considering restoring trolley service as part of its redevelopment of 42nd Street. San Francisco is overhauling its emblematic fleet of cable cars.

Despite the scramble for new systems, the benefits of mass transit are not always

*Technically, the cars are not trolleys because they do not operate on conventional trolley poles and wheels.

Nation

Life with Paul and Billy Bob

Hit with some titillating charges, the Pentagon's No. 2 exits

clear. In San Francisco, BART has not appreciably shortened the rush hour. The record for turning blighted downtowns into boomtowns is equally spotty. Although citizens may live in apartment complexes clustered around new subway stops, they are no more likely to go to the center city to shop than to a nearby suburban shopping mall.

But transit, like a football team or a domed stadium, bolsters civic pride. For transit's typical patrons—the elderly and the poor, who have no alternative way to travel—a city's buses, subways and trolleys are essential and affordable lifelines. Moreover, the indirect benefits of subways and rail systems, like those flowing from schools and fire departments, accrue to everyone. "We have to ask ourselves where we would be without it," says Edmund Adams, president of the Southwest Ohio Regional Transportation Authority. "As a society, we would not be moving people to their jobs, or the elderly or handicapped to their destinations."

Public-spiritedness, however, does not pay the bills. In cities with large fixed systems, federal belt tightening has already begun to be felt in fare hikes. Ironically, the higher tabs could make things worse by reducing ridership and causing deeper transit deficits. This month the price of a token in New York City's crime-plagued subway system rose from 75¢ to 90¢, despite studies showing that each 5¢ increase lowers ridership 1%. In some cities, like San Bernardino, Calif., businesses have tried to take up the slack by offering discounts to transit travelers, with uneven success. "Nothing will substantially increase ridership," says Pierre de Vise, a public administration professor at Chicago's Roosevelt University. "The only solution is for mass transit to control its losses."

Despite transit's best efforts, most Americans, especially in the Sunbelt, both live and work outside inner cities in places where public transportation is nearly nonexistent. Only 6.4% of the nation's workers ride transit systems to their jobs. "Fixed systems in these newer sprawl cities are really bucking the tide of demographics and economics," warns the Urban Institute's Miller. Indeed, according to a 1980 study for UMTA, only four cities are serious candidates for new rapid-transit systems: Honolulu, Houston, Los Angeles and Seattle. America's far-flung living habits were partly created by its love affair with the car. Likewise, glistening new transit systems, like those in Baltimore and Atlanta, may point people in a different direction. Says Selwyn Enzer, a University of Southern California futurist: "As much as the auto and the freeway shaped our cities, mass transit has the capacity to change them again." —By Susan Tift. Reported by Jay Braganza/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

The 43-page complaint from the Securities and Exchange Commission was written in the usual dry legalese. But the bare facts that it laid out would make a fitting plot for J.R. and his cronies. The former chief executive of a \$4 billion Dallas-based conglomerate, 64, has a "private personal relationship" with a company receptionist and provides her with "monetary support." Heshares "lunches, dinners, trips, vacations, and social gatherings" with a small circle of high-living Southerners and their women friends. Generously, but illegally, he also shares stock tips worth \$1.9 million with his friends.

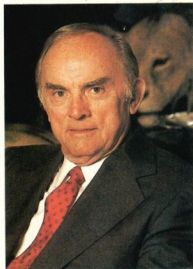
Adding piquancy to the plot are the identity of the executive and his most recent job: Deputy Secretary of Defense

receptionist at LTV, the company he left a year ago for Washington. During 1981 and 1982, the SEC claims, Thayer passed stock tips to Ryno and seven other defendants in the suit. All seemed to come from soap-opera central casting.

One is Stockbroker Billy Bob Harris, 44, who is "a regular celebrity groupie," says Writer Edwin ("Bud") Shrake, a former Dallas sports columnist. Harris is friendly with Don Meredith, former Dallas Cowboy quarterback, ABC *Monday Night Football* commentator and TV pitchman; former Cowboy and Denver Bronco Quarterback Craig Morton, his onetime roommate; and country-and-western Singer Kenny Rogers. The broker's parties are known for "wall-to-wall girls, champagne, hot tubs and more girls," says Shrake. They were vividly portrayed in fictionalized form in the movie *North Dallas Forty*. Harris, who gave stock reports on Dallas TV, announced on television that he had undergone a lie-detector test, which, he claimed, proved his innocence.

According to the SEC, Harris used the stock tips to benefit Julie Williams, 26, a public relations firm employee who also teaches aerobic dancing at a health spa. Williams, the complaint alleges, has a "close personal relationship" with Harris. Others who profited from Thayer's stock tips, the complaint goes on, included Gayle Schroder, 46, chairman of First American Bank and Trust of Baytown, Texas; Malcolm Davis, 48, a convicted gambler and president of a Dallas insurance agency; Dr. Doyle Sharp, 52, an orthopedist; and Julia Rooker, 37, a former Braniff flight attendant who has a "close personal relationship" with Sharp. One non-Texan rounded out the group: Atlanta Stockbroker William Mathis, a longtime Harris colleague, who was a halfback in the '60s for pro football's New York Jets.

According to the SEC, Thayer repeatedly told the group about the planned acquisitions, profits and dividends of Anheuser-Busch, Allied and LTV before public dissemination. His friends would then buy shares in the companies or their targets and sell at a profit as soon as favorable news caused the stock to rise. In this fashion Thayer's friends allegedly accumulated illegal profits of \$1.9 million. For example, in September 1982, shortly after he learned that Allied planned to try to take over Bendix Corp., Thayer allegedly contacted Ryno and Harris. On Sept. 22, Ryno bought 4,000 shares of Bendix at



Former Deputy Defense Secretary Thayer

An allegation "without merit."

Paul Thayer. Last week the SEC charged that Thayer, as chairman of LTV Corp. and board member of Anheuser-Busch Cos. and Allied Corp., improperly passed along inside information to his friends. The day before the SEC filed its civil complaint in a New York federal court, Thayer resigned as the Pentagon's No. 2 man. Thayer termed the charges "entirely without merit" and vowed to fight them. At week's end his replacement had been named: William Howard Taft IV, the self-effacing chief counsel of the Defense Department, a protégé of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and great-grandson of the 27th President of the U.S.

The SEC complaint follows a ten-month investigation. It alleges that Thayer, who is married, has had a "personal relationship" since 1979 with Sandra Ryno, now 38, a divorcee and a for-



Sandra Ryno

DIANE GOLDENSTEIN: University of Colorado Police Officer;
Law Enforcement Firearms Instructor;
Award winning Pistol Competitor and Member of
the National Rifle Association.

"I've been in the NRA as long as I've been a police officer and I'd guess that almost half the officers I work with are NRA members, too.

"I became a member in order to qualify for the Police Pistol Competitions and later became certified as an NRA Instructor. Now I use NRA films, brochures and testing standards when instructing other police officers.

"The NRA Firearms Instructor Programs have done a lot to improve the level of shooting ability in the United States. Because the NRA doesn't charge to train Police Instructors at the local level, they do a real service to the small departments who might otherwise not be able to afford training programs. And that in itself really raises the standard of police protection for the whole country."

I'm the NRA.



The NRA is one of the nation's leading law enforcement training organizations. More than 7,000 NRA Certified Firearms Instructors train hundreds of thousands of law enforcement and private security personnel yearly. If you would like to join the NRA and want more information about our programs and benefits, write Harlon Carter, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. DG-27, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America.

Nation

Uneasy Freedom

The mayor's killer is released

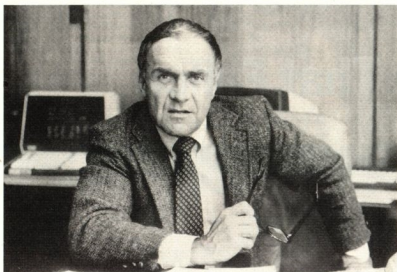
The countdown began last September, when the sign first appeared in San Francisco's heavily homosexual Castro Street district. It read: 100 DAYS UNTIL DAN WHITE IS FREE. Each day the number diminished, and occasionally the word FREE was crossed out and changed to DEAD.

Shortly after 8 a.m. last Friday, Dan White was freed from prison, having served five years of a seven-year eight-month sentence for killing San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, a gay activist. At noon, 1,000 San Franciscans protested by marching noisily through the city's financial district, blowing whistles and shouting. "He got away with murder." Sister Boom-Boom, a transvestite dressed in a nun's wimple and veil and motorcycle leathers, told the crowd, "Dan White's got a new life sentence—and it's not going to be a long one." That night, 9,000 marched down Castro Street and burned White in effigy.

The demonstrations were mild compared with the "White Night Riot," in which 124 were injured when White was convicted only of voluntary manslaughter in 1979. The jury accepted what came to be known as the "Twinkies defense": White's lawyer claimed that his client suffered "diminished mental capacity" caused at least in part by eating too much junk food. A number of San Franciscans accused authorities of not trying hard enough to convict White, a former police officer and fireman.

In letters to a friend printed in the San Francisco *Chronicle* last week, White pronounced himself in "excellent spirits and health" and proclaimed that despite attempts by "anti-Dan White factions" to extend his sentence, "in the end everything will turn out just fine." At Soledad Prison, he was housed in protective custody, along with Robert F. Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, who became White's friend. On a conjugal visit, his wife conceived their second child, who was born retarded.

Fearing an assassination attempt, state authorities said only that White planned to live in Los Angeles County (pop. 7.6 million). Milk's former lover, Scott Smith, says that he is "pretty much resigned to White getting out of prison" and that most other gays are too. Milk would not want revenge, according to Smith. "Harvey was against the death penalty. He was a nonviolent person. He was in favor of gun control." The fear last week was that others would not be so forgiving. ■



Broker Harris: Cowboys' quarterbacks, raucous parties and a plea of innocence on TV

roughly \$60 a share; five days later, after Allied's tender offer had been made public, she sold it at about \$73 a share, netting a profit of \$51,000.

U.S. securities law only penalizes tipsters who "benefit" from passing inside information, and the SEC does not claim that Thayer profited financially from his inside information. The commission will charge, instead, that Thayer benefited simply by improving his relationship with Ryno and the others. The complaint also accuses some of the defendants of trying to "impede and frustrate" the SEC investigation. The Justice Department is looking into possible perjury charges stemming from the SEC inquiry.

Despite Thayer's claims of innocence, the embarrassing charges made his Defense Department post untenable. His departure leaves a large hole high up in the Pentagon hierarchy. Thayer had publicly criticized the military's waste and cost overruns; privately, he liked to brag that he could cut the budget by 20% without sacrificing effectiveness. As *de facto* chairman of the Pentagon's defense resources board, Thayer had day-to-day control over all agency actions and military procurement. To some defense professionals, he seemed both well placed and well suited to carrying out budget cuts: a hard-nosed businessman and a decorated World War II Navy aviator with a mastery of many weapons systems.

But he had another reputation: that of a boisterous cowboy who talked too much and read too little. Once in a single day, Thayer, whose favorite hobby is flying military jets, piloted an

F-16, an F-15 and an F-18, danced into the small hours at a local disco, and returned in the morning to fly the prototype of a B-1 bomber. He is an avid wild-game hunter (he decorates his office with his kills), a motorcycle enthusiast, an expert skier and an amateur rodeo rider.

Thayer's greatest weakness may have been that he lacked the full confidence of Weinberger, who seems more interested in boosting the defense budget than in cutting waste. When Thayer challenged Navy Secretary John Lehman on the need for a 600-ship Navy, Weinberger undercut Thayer at a meeting of top officials. "That session decapitated Thayer as far as the service chiefs were concerned," recalls a Pentagon insider.

This fall, as Thayer struggled with the Pentagon budget, he was reported to be increasingly distracted by his growing legal problems. Budget decisions on matters ranging from new weapons systems to new uniforms began to pile up on his desk; by mid-December the stack was 18 in. high.

Last week Thayer announced that he would devote his considerable energies and financial resources, reported to be about \$12 million, to fighting the Government's lawsuit. Unlike many other officials in legal trouble, Thayer did not try to hang on while the evidence trickled out. An inveterate craps shooter, he may have gambled unwisely with the SEC, but as a former test pilot, he apparently knew when to bail out.

—By Evan Thomas.
Reported by Anne Constable and Bruce van Voorst/Washington, with other bureaus



Julie Williams



William Mathis



Gayle Schroder



White in 1978

World

COVER STORIES

The Light That Failed

A military coup brings an abrupt end to Nigeria's democratic experiment



"Africa never ceases to amaze." So wrote V.S. Naipaul in *A Bend in the River*, and last week, true to the novelist's assessment, Africa amazed again. As recently as a fortnight ago,

Nigerian President Alhaji Shehu Shagari, 58, was being hailed as the enlightened leader of black Africa's most populous and, in many ways, most promising democracy. Several days later, he was under detention in Lagos, while Major General Mohammed Buhari, 41, organizer of a coup that deposed Shagari, was proclaiming to his countrymen that the armed forces had saved the nation from "total collapse."

In a continent of nations still suffering 25 years later from the pains of birth and persistent poverty, Nigeria has a special significance. Its population, estimated at 90 million, is greater than that of any country in Western Europe. One of every five or six Africans is a Nigerian. Because of its oil resources, which have made it the third largest supplier of petroleum to the U.S. (after Mexico and Britain), Nigeria is the wealthiest nation in black Africa, with a gross national product that is more than half as large as that of the other black African nations combined. Unlike many other African countries, it has a sizable class of educated men and women who are well trained to run its government, industry and armed forces. And notwithstanding the occasional clampdowns imposed by the military, Nigeria has had a tradition of boisterous free speech, free-wheeling politics and an unbridled press.

Thus the Dec. 31 coup that toppled Shagari dealt a blow to the hopes of a black Africa that had looked to Nigeria as a trail blazer for democratization. The fact that Shagari could not retain power, even though he was overwhelmingly re-elected last August, highlighted the pattern of failure that has plagued black Africa in the quarter-century since most of its nations became independent. The problems of Nigeria are, by and large, those that afflict the entire continent: abject poverty, rampant corruption, gross mismanagement, tribal enmity, uncontrolled population growth. If, in spite of its assets, Nigeria cannot break out of the vicious cycle of political instability and economic decline, the prospects for most of the continent's other countries appear all the bleaker (see following story).

After 13 years of military rule and a



New Nigerian leader, Major General Mohammed Buhari, at a press conference in Lagos last week

civil war that had taken at least 1 million lives, the nation known as the "African Giant" had in 1979 painstakingly embarked on its second attempt at democratic government, this time under a federal constitution closely modeled on that of the U.S. The mild-mannered Shagari, a Muslim from the north and a former schoolteacher, had been elected President and re-elected last August, winning 47% of the popular vote and at least 25% of the ballots in 16 of the country's 19 states.

When Shagari first took office, Nigeria was riding the crest of the oil boom. Its wells were producing up to \$26 billion a year. The affluence led the government to press ahead with several expensive development projects, including the construction of a new capital city at Abuja, 325 miles to the northeast of Lagos. Shagari initially promised an end to corruption, but he soon learned that his room for maneuver was limited by the narrower aims of the northern political barons, whose support had ensured his election. Fueled by the oil boom, corruption flourished. Explains a newspaper editor: "It is not that corruption didn't exist before. It is

just that there was suddenly more money around, so the asking price became higher and higher, and the corruption became more and more obvious."

Alas, by 1983, Nigeria was suffering from the worldwide oil glut and the resulting drop in prices. Its oil revenues had fallen to about \$10 billion a year, while its foreign debt rose to an estimated \$15 billion. After his re-election, Shagari seemed determined to deal more forcefully with corruption and the growing economic problems than he had before. He created a new ministry charged with rooting out corrupt officials. Just two days before the coup, he delivered an austerity budget aimed at reducing the government's capital spending by 30% and imports by 40%. The belt-tightening was greeted with grumbling by Nigerians, already beset by high food prices and 50% inflation and angry over the ostentatious luxury enjoyed by many of the country's leaders, though not by Shagari. Said a Nigerian economist: "Palm oil is more than ten times as costly as it was a few months ago. Yet you see more BMW and Mercedes cars in Nigeria than you do in West Germany."

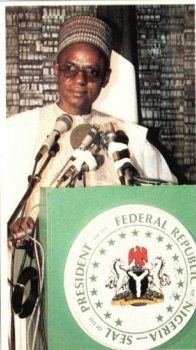
The army moved on the last day of 1983, pulling off a well-planned and almost bloodless coup with efficiency. At 2:30 a.m., troops in widely scattered parts of the country moved out of their barracks and set up roadblocks at strategic points. By 3 a.m. they had secured the radio and television stations in Lagos and had begun to take prominent politicians into custody. They temporarily cut international telephone and telex lines and closed down airports, border posts and the port of Lagos. At 7:30, a member of the new junta, Brigadier Sana Abacha, announced over Nigerian radio that the Shagari government had been overthrown. For the most part, Nigerians seemed to accept the news with a shrug and an instinct that the change was not going to make matters any worse.

The only reported bloodshed occurred in the partly completed capital, Abuja. When soldiers went to the official residence to arrest President Shagari, their commander, Brigadier Ibrahim Bako, was shot dead by a bodyguard. Shortly afterward, Shagari surrendered and was taken into custody. The junta subsequently denied early reports that he had been brought to Lagos in handcuffs.

The man who heads the new government, General Buhari, is a figure to be reckoned with. During the previous military government, he served as Nigeria's Oil Minister and before that as governor of Borno state. He attended the British Officers' Cadet School at Aldershot, near London, and the U.S. Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Like Shagari, he is both a Muslim from the north and a political moderate.

Buhari moved swiftly to reassure both his countrymen and foreign governments of his junta's intentions. He declared that the 1983 elections had been "anything but free and fair" and complained that the Shagari government was turning Nigeria into "a nation of beggars." He stressed that people were worried about the rising prices of such basic foods as rice, sugar, yams and tomatoes, and pointed out that many civil servants had not been paid for months. "The armed forces could not stand idly by," he said, "while the country was drifting toward a dangerous state of political and economic collapse." The new government, he said, would "do its best" to settle its debts, but he added, "Let no one be deceived that workers who have not received their salaries in the past eight awful months will be paid today or tomorrow." Asked whether Shagari and other former officials would be put on trial, Buhari replied with careful ambiguity. His 19-man Supreme Military Council believes "you are innocent until proved guilty," he said, "but our technique may prove to be a bit unorthodox."

Three days after it seized power, the military council made a payment of about \$60 million that Nigeria owed to 66 international banks on debts of nearly \$2 billion. In the meantime, said Buhari, Nige-



Shagari after winning the election last August

ria would continue to negotiate with the International Monetary Fund for some \$2 billion in emergency loans. Buhari also announced that Nigeria would remain in the Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries, and that it would not cut its oil prices sharply in an effort to find a short-term solution to its pressing economic problems. This was good news to other members of OPEC, who had feared that the coup in Nigeria might lead to a new round of price cutting in the world oil market.

Most Western countries, including the U.S., believed that the generals would maintain most of the previous government's external policies and were probably sincere in their desire to put Nigeria into better working order. The junta, however, has inherited Shagari's balance sheet and most of his problems. Food prices fell sharply, if temporarily, in Lagos last week. But it will take more than the announcement of a crackdown on profiteering to make Nigeria self-sufficient in food production, as it had been until a few years ago. As for corruption, it has long been endemic in Nigerian life. As the *Times* of London observed last week, "The history of military coups in Nigeria and elsewhere shows that power corrupts soldiers as fast as it corrupts civilians."

Whatever the arguments to the contrary, General Buhari's coup was a setback for democracy throughout Africa. As an exiled Nigerian lawyer put it, "Far better to have a shabby democracy in which people have some say in the running of things than a shabby military regime in which they have none." The liberal *Rand Daily Mail* of Johannesburg feared that the coup would bring "foolish and shortsighted satisfaction" to those "who believe black African states are congenitally incapable of moderate, democratic, civilian rule." The coup also brought disappointment to those who believed that the restoration of Nigerian democracy had been a sign that Africa was coming of age. In 1979, Shedu Shagari said, "In this country there are, in the end, only two parties, the civilians and the soldiers." Unfortunately he was right. Last week it was clear that the Nigerian "opposition," using the means at its disposal, had come to power again.

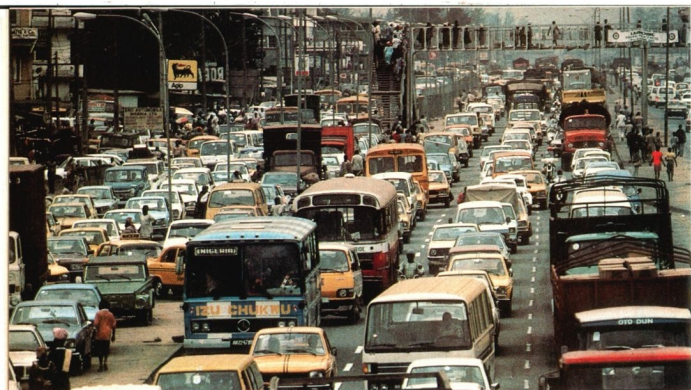
—By William E. Smith.

Reported by James Wilde/Lagos



Nigerian army unit stands on guard at State House in Lagos following the coup

Whatever the arguments to the contrary, the takeover was a setback for democracy in Africa.



The pains of growth: cars, trucks and buses jammed bumper to bumper in downtown Lagos, Nigeria

WALLOP—GREGG

A Continent Gone Wrong

After a generation of independence, Africa faces harsh facts and hard choices



Our ancient continent is now on the brink of disaster, hurtling towards the abyss of confrontation, caught in the grip of violence. Gone are the smiles, the joys of life.

—Edem Kodjo, former Secretary-General of the Organization for African Unity

A quarter of a century after the nations of sub-Saharan Africa began to gain their independence, that bleak view is shared by increasing numbers of Africans and non-Africans alike. The New Year's Eve coup in Nigeria was only the most recent recurrence of a pattern of failure that has gripped the continent. Black-ruled Africa is suffering today from a political and economic malaise that few could have imagined when British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan spoke eloquently in 1960 of the "wind of change" then sweeping the continent.

Uhuru, the Swahili clarion call for freedom from the European colonial powers, has brought independence but little liberty for millions of black Africans. The rallying cry "One man, one vote" has been transformed into reality, but it has suffered an ironic distortion. Many Africans now have one vote, but

often it can be cast for only one man. Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda was the sole candidate in his nation's presidential elections last October, when he was elected to a fifth four-year term. In Kenya, long a showplace of African democracy, President Daniel Arap Moi faced no challenger in elections last September.

All too frequently, fledgling African democracies have become hostage to leaders intent solely on gaining and holding power. In the past 25 years, more than 70 leaders in 29 African nations have been deposed by assassination, purges or coups. Among the 41 major independent black African nations, only seven allow opposition political parties. Seventeen are single-party states. Another 17 are ruled by military regimes.

Economically, the picture is no brighter. In nation after nation, independence has been followed by a steady decrease in per capita food production. Such essential government services as education, health care and transportation are in disarray. African countries are so riddled by foreign debt, estimated at a total of \$100 billion annually, that they are re-scheduling loans by arguing that they are near bankruptcy. In the meantime, sub-Saharan Africa's population of 210 million in 1960 has grown to 393 million. It

continues to increase by 2.9% annually, the fastest growth rate in the world.

Almost without exception, African governments have allowed a crucial part of their colonial inheritance—the infrastructure of roads, railways, cities and towns built by Europeans—to deteriorate. In Dar es Salaam, the once attractive capital of Tanzania, years of post-colonial neglect have left their ravages. Pavements are cracked and unrepaired. Manhole covers have disappeared and not been replaced. Buildings are unpainted and grimy. In many areas, garbage is no longer collected; thin wisps of pungent smoke curl up through the palm trees from burning piles of refuse.

Roads built by European engineers are being gradually swallowed up by the bush. When Zaïre, then known as the Belgian Congo, gained its independence in 1960, it had 58,000 miles of good roads; now only 6,200 miles are passable. The Ivory Coast, a model of economic development and relative prosperity under President Félix Houphouët-Boigny, is now beset by a troubled economy and uncertainty about who will succeed him.

Sub-Saharan Africa is burdened with half the world's 10 million refugees, partly as a result of the drought that has held the Sahel region in its arid grip for more than a decade. As nomadic herdsman



The plague of drought: a young Kenyan drives his emaciated herd to a wateringhole

WILLIAM CAMPBELL

wander thousands of miles in search of food and water, some 14 million acres of potentially productive grasslands are destroyed each year by their livestock. At least 20% of the continent is desert; experts believe that the process of "desertification" could encompass 45% of Africa in 50 years if current patterns of land use are allowed to continue. Famine and pestilence plague hundreds of thousands of Africans. Livestock diseases like rinderpest, a fatal viral infection known as "the cattle plague," and human maladies like malaria, cholera and bilharziasis, a water-borne urinary-tract disease, are on the rise.

Political oppression has taken its own savage toll. Early last year Nigeria expelled 2 million Ghanaian workers to ease the mounting problems it faced trying to provide work for its own population. Some 700,000 ethnic Somalis, victims of a protracted war with Ethiopia, live in refugee camps within Somalia. The Sudan shelters another 637,000 refugees, including secessionist Eritreans who have been forced to flee Marxist-oriented Ethiopia, as well as 200,000 Ugandans. The Ugandan refugees have fled in two waves: those escaping the brutal policies of former Dictator Idi Amin in the '70s and those who have recently left Uganda to avoid President Milton Obote's military "cleanup" operations. Zaire supports another 335,000 refugees from upheavals in Angola, Rwanda and Burundi.

Africa's blight and decay also extend to projects and equipment built or financed by well-meaning foreign countries. In rural Senegal, a \$250,000 U.S.-made solar-powered irrigation system lies idle, mainly because of maintenance

problems. Just outside Lusaka, in Zambia, hundreds of government vehicles sit abandoned in a parking lot. Some are wrecks, but many others are almost new, missing only a clutch plate or a windshield. Desperately short of foreign exchange, the government of President Kaunda prefers to import new vehicles through aid programs rather than buy the spare parts necessary to repair the old ones. In Zambia and Tanzania, locomotives badly needed to haul copper and agricultural produce sit on railroad sidings because no one can fix their hydraulic-brake systems.

In scores of countries where small, labor-intensive projects are needed, technological white elephants have proliferated. In Tanzania, Zaire and Somalia, glass-and-steel airport facilities, built in anticipation of air traffic that has not materialized, have been allowed to fall apart. Escalators do not work; electronic flight-schedule boards have been replaced by blackboards; automatic sliding glass doors have to be operated manually. In Uganda and Angola, some high-rises lack glass panes and running water. In 1975 Canada built a \$2.5 million semi-automated bakery in Dar es Salaam, but often there is no flour to make bread. Moscow's aid efforts have fared no better. A Soviet-built cement factory at Diamou, Mali, was designed for a capacity of 50,000 tons a year. Beseb by regular breakdowns, it produced five tons last year. In accepting such largesse, African leaders have mortgaged themselves to outside interests. Observes a Nigerian film maker: "We build palaces but can't run them, we import cars we can't repair,

we are attracted by everything that glitters. We are slaves to another culture."

One of the major exceptions to the litany of failure is South Africa, which has become sub-Saharan Africa's premier economic and military power. But this has been achieved at an unacceptable price: the disenfranchisement of its 21 million blacks, who account for 70% of the population. They are allowed to work, but cannot vote in central-government elections. They have little freedom to choose where they work or live. Many are forced to settle in *bantustans*, or black homelands, that the white government has set aside to segregate blacks while exploiting their labor. The elaborate canon of apartheid laws means that activist blacks who speak out against the government too forcefully, or who are simply caught in the wrong place at the wrong time, can be detained, jailed or fined at the whim of South African authorities.

Independence, paradoxically, has not freed most of Africa from the yoke of foreign domination and meddling. Cuban soldiers act as proxies for the Soviet Union in Angola and Ethiopia; East German military advisers are present in Mozambique and Ethiopia. The regime of Ethiopian Chairman Mengistu Haile Mariam has paid homage to Moscow by erecting a statue of Lenin in Addis Ababa. Mengistu allows the Soviets to maintain a naval base on the Dahlak Islands in the Red Sea. Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, often with Moscow's backing, has emerged as the continent's chief troublemaker. Gaddafi has been behind unsuccessful coups in at least half a dozen nations from Gambia to the Sudan.

Of the former colonial powers,

World

France maintains the most visible presence, stationing troops and dispensing both military and economic aid to more than 20 countries. Some 300,000 French now live and work in Africa, more than twice the number during colonial times. Last summer, President François Mitterrand dispatched 2,000 soldiers and eight Mirage and Jaguar jets to forestall Soviet- and Libyan-backed insurgents intent on overthrowing the government of Chad's President Hissène Habré. The U.S. provided AWACS planes and anti-aircraft missiles to Chad; it has also negotiated the use of port facilities and airstrips in Kenya and Somalia. "We are undergoing a second colonialization," protests a Tanzanian academic. "Our present leaders are just like the old tribal chiefs who signed

groups within the same country. Once the domain of powerful kingdoms such as Dagomba in western Africa and Matabele in central Africa, the land was carved up in the intense competition for natural resources and cheap labor.

However irrational, the new boundaries were inherited by African leaders when the Europeans departed. In all but a few instances, African leaders themselves all too willingly reproduced and perpetuated the worst aspects of the mismanagement, greed and elitism bequeathed to them by the colonial powers. Even so, Africans blame their former colonial masters for instilling a taste for Western-style material goods, corruption and the pursuit of power.

No group has lavished more treasure

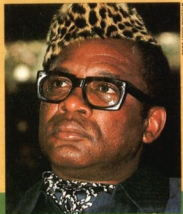
literally, men of the Mercedes-Benz.

Last year President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire was accused by his former Foreign Minister of embezzling \$1 billion in Belgian currency from the state treasury. Western sources estimate Mobutu's personal fortune at nearly \$4 billion, most of it in Swiss banks. In 1976, Jean-Bédel Bokassa of the Central African Republic, not content with being President-for-Life, declared himself Emperor and staged a \$20 million ceremony for the occasion. Bokassa crowned himself with a gold-and-diamond diadem that cost \$2 million. (Nearly two years later, with covert assistance from France, Bokassa was deposed.)

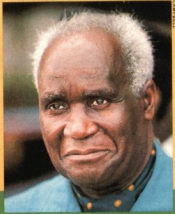
Osusu ("corruption" in Ashanti) is ubiquitous both in government and in the



Zimbabwe's Mugabe: more anti-Western



Zaire's Mobutu: charges of corruption



Zambia's Kaunda: one vote, one man

pacts with colonizers for a few beads. Friendship and military pacts are now penciled up in return for guns, aid or cash loans. Africa is up for grabs."

One result of growing foreign influence has been a debilitating loss of confidence among Africans themselves. "What kind of people are we?" asks one African leader. "Are we not forced to admit that our continent lives in absolute poverty?" Such questions underscore a painful truth. "The years of freedom have mounted up, mocking the plausibility of the excuses for failure," British journalist Ian Smiley wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Africa is back where it was 50 years ago."

Perhaps no single factor is more frequently blamed for Africa's ills than the legacy of 80 years of colonialism. This year will mark the centenary of the Berlin Conference, at which Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Portugal, among others, agreed to divide Africa into "spheres of influence." Borders were established without regard for traditional tribal boundaries and loyalties, thus setting off fierce antagonisms between rival

on grandiose schemes, and has less to show for it, than Africa's leaders and the bloated, inefficient bureaucracies that serve them. Nigeria's Shagari, for instance, began the construction of a new capital city about 300 miles northeast of Lagos, at an estimated cost of \$16 billion. Yet hundreds of thousands of Nigerians in the slums of Lagos lacked running water, adequate sewage systems, medical care and educational facilities. President El Hadj Omar Bongo of Gabon, an oil-producing country with a foreign debt of \$1 billion, built a \$27 million conference center with a façade of imported Italian marble for the 1977 summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity in the capital of Libreville.

Even in the poorest African capitals, such as battle-scarred Ndjamen, Chad, government officials can be seen in convoys of Mercedes-Benz limousines, scattering cyclists and pedestrians as they pass. Owning a Mercedes is so potent an African status symbol that in East Africa a Swahili word was coined to describe the elite that drives them: *wabenzi*,

commercial sectors. Gambian police are currently investigating the mysterious disappearance of about \$1 million, apparently caused by a syndicate of bank clerks who systematically defrauded the accounts of illiterate farmers. "The figures are coming at us so fast," said a police officer, "that sometimes we think our investigators are making them up." In 1980, a Gambian bank clerk tried to telex \$2 million to an overseas account; he was caught before the money was actually transferred.

As often as not, large amounts of foreign food, cash and equipment never reach their intended destinations. A "transportation operator" in Sierra Leone received more than \$2,000 from the government to distribute 150 tons of rice; investigators later discovered that the only vehicle he owned was a Honda motorcycle. During the '70s, badly needed relief supplies for Chadian refugees were routed through Nigeria. But the shipments never made it because the wife of a high government official in Chad demanded huge bribes from the Nigerian drivers.

With hard currency in short supply,

black markets are booming. In Marxist Mozambique, drivers of the People's Taxi Service will happily switch off their meters and cruise all day for payment in dollars. No wonder: the black market pays up to 1,000 Mozambican meticals to the dollar, compared with the official exchange rate of 42. "To Africa's sickness, pestilence and disease, add corruption," says Senegal's President Abdou Diouf. "It is endemic to this continent."

Bribes, known variously as *dash*, *chai* or *bonsella*—the traditional palm greasing for services rendered or anticipated—have become a way of life. They now take the form of a carton of razor blades, a case of Scotch or the latest in digital watches. Smugglers make a killing in African marketplaces. Recently police raided a privately owned store along Pugu Road in Dar es Salaam and

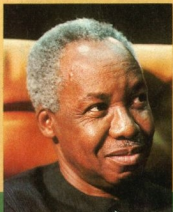
surely will have much beneficial effect. Notes the London-based weekly magazine *West Africa*: "It is open season for any racketeer with the capital and contacts to acquire sole control of some consumer product." A cartoon in another publication depicts a soldier talking to a village woman. "There is no food," he explains, "because we have shot the black marketeers."

But perhaps the most disturbing trend in Africa's postcolonial experience has been the continuation of tribal conflicts that have bedeviled the best-intentioned efforts at nation building. Kenya's Moi, a member of the minority Kalenjin tribe, calls modern Africa's tribal strife "the cancer that threatens to eat out the very fabric of our nation."

From the beginning of the postcolo-

ries. During three months in 1972, an estimated 200,000 Hutu were slaughtered after being blamed for an abortive coup. More than a decade earlier, in neighboring Rwanda, the Hutu (89% of the population) had overthrown their Tutsi masters, killing 100,000. The bloodiest war in postcolonial Africa was fought from 1967 to 1970, when the predominantly Ibo region of southeastern Nigeria seceded and formed the independent state of Biafra. The civil war cost at least 1 million lives before Biafra was brought back under Nigeria's control.

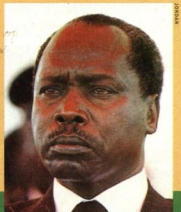
Such explosions of tribal violence are often cited as justification for the frequent emergence of one-party states in Africa. The latest example may be Zimbabwe. After a bloody seven-year civil war that ended white rule in what was then Rhodesia, majority Shona tribesmen loyal to



Tanzania's Nyerere: failed approach



Ghana's Rawlings: Marxist experiments



Kenya's Moi: tribal compromises

found a cache of spare vehicle parts large enough to fill the cargo hold of a ship. Says former Tanzanian Police Chief Ken Flood: "I[Economic saboteurs] will have their ill-gotten property confiscated and will be given hoes to work on the land for a very long time." Several hundred suspects are now being held in Tanzanian prisons under the country's Preventive Detention Act. Mozambique's President Samora Machel has publicly berated and fired corrupt government officials, as has Zambia's Kaunda. In Zimbabwe, the four-year-old government of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has ordered stiff new penalties for corruption, including fines of \$5,000 and five years' imprisonment.

Still, widespread opportunities for fraud have raised doubts that such mea-

surements will have much beneficial effect. Notes the London-based weekly magazine *West Africa*: "It is open season for any racketeer with the capital and contacts to acquire sole control of some consumer product." A cartoon in another publication depicts a soldier talking to a village woman. "There is no food," he explains, "because we have shot the black marketeers."

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From the beginning of the postcolo-

rial period, arbitrary violations of traditional boundaries by European administrators set blacks against blacks. Kenya's 1952 Mau Mau uprising began as a rebellion against British colonial rule, which had designated fertile highland areas for white settlement. The struggle quickly turned into a civil war between Kikuyu rebels and loyalists. In the ensuing four years, more than 11,000 blacks were killed, most of them Kikuyu. By contrast, only 95 whites died. A little more than a decade later, when it seemed possible that a young Luo labor leader named Tom Mboya could succeed Kenyan President Jomo Kenyatta, the younger man was assassinated. His killers were widely assumed to be hard-core Kikuyu loyalists.

In all but a handful of African countries, tribal loyalties still predominate, especially in rural areas where nationalist sentiment has not penetrated. Zaire has 200 different tribes speaking some 75 languages, from the Pygmies in the east to the Baluba, Batetela and Bassongo-Meno in the interior. In Burundi, the minority Tutsi tribe had subjugated the majority Hutu (85% of the population) for centu-

Robert Mugabe and Ndebele fighters led by Joshua Nkomo reached a shaky accord to rule independent Zimbabwe. But not long after Mugabe was elected Prime Minister in 1980, tribal enmity resurfaced. Since then the Shona-dominated army and security police have killed an estimated 2,000 to 3,000 Ndebele. Nkomo fled to London last March, although he returned to Zimbabwe in August.

Riven by tribal factionalism since independence, Nigeria established a deliberate policy aimed at breaking down old tribal hostilities. Before the U.S.-style Nigerian constitution was suspended following General Buhari's coup, a presidential candidate needed to win a plurality in national elections and at least 25% of the vote in two-thirds of the country's 19 states. The system was imperfect, but in two free elections Nigerian voters cast their ballots across tribal lines.

Rapid urbanization has hastened the process of detribalization, but this has created an entirely new set of problems. Attracted by the often spurious promise of wealth in Africa's burgeoning cities, hundreds of thousands of Africans have

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World

deserted their native villages. In 1950, only three African cities had populations of more than 500,000; now there are 29. Many African sociologists see the phenomenon as a primary cause of social disintegration; young Africans in particular discard tribal values and disciplines for an urban-centered culture of Coca-Cola and transistor radios. For many Africans there is a growing awareness that tribal life was the source of tradition, of social and spiritual values. "In the transitional society in which we live," says Eddah Gachukia, a Kenyan legislator, "there is an urgent need to establish alternative ways and means of reaching our children effectively."

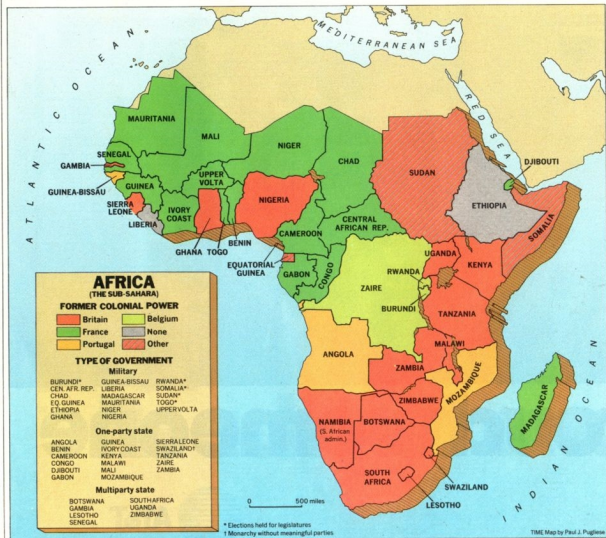
Kenya's urban population, typically, doubled between 1969 and 1979. In August 1982, many Kenyans were jolted into recognition of the new reality when an apparent coup attempt by a handful of air force noncoms and some officers, assisted by university students, degenerated into

a mindless rampage through Nairobi. Youngsters smashed windows and shot up the lobby of the Hilton Hotel, a ready symbol of Western affluence. After taking over the radio station, the rioters were unable to find suitable martial music for the occasion. They ended up broadcasting the lilting strains of Bob Marley's Caribbean reggae.

Surveying a street scene in Nairobi, Trinidadian Author Shiva Naipaul (brother of V.S.) was struck by a sense of unreality among young city dwellers. In his book *North of South: An African Journey*, Naipaul describes meeting a modishly dressed student who claimed he was studying literature, but declined to name a favorite author. His reason: "I don't care much for reading." In another encounter, an aggressive shoeshine boy tried to charge him \$6 for "deluxe special" treatment. Wrote Naipaul: "The tribal world was real. The new

world, lacking definition and solidity, fades away into the dimmer reaches of fantasy. The greed of my shoeshine boy did not . . . recognize any limits. He had lost touch with reality."

Reality may be closer for the approximately 75% of Africans who have remained in smaller towns and villages. But their awareness of their economic plight is sharp. Joshua Kweka, 28, earns \$100 a month as a clerk at a small factory that manufactures mosquito-repellent coils in the Tanzanian town of Himo (pop. 5,000), just across the border from Kenya. He shares a room near the factory with his sister, while his wife and child live with relatives on a five-acre farm 6,000 feet up the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro. Kweka and his sister usually eat *ugali*, cooked maize meal, for lunch and dinner. Only rarely can they afford to add tomatoes, which cost \$1 per lb. With stewing beef at \$1.50 per lb., they are lucky if they can afford to eat meat once a week.



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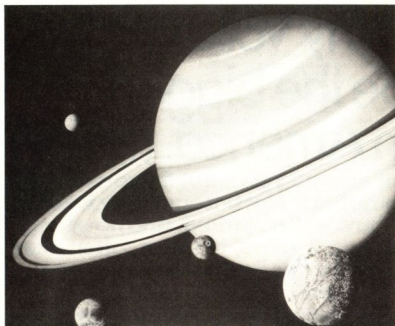


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World

For recreation, Kweka listens to his transistor radio, unless the batteries die. Then, he says, "you have to wait until there are batteries in the shop." That can take several months. On weekends he exchanges gossip and talks politics with friends in one of Himo's bars. He drinks locally brewed banana beer rather than factory-produced lager, mainly because at 50¢ a pint it is one-quarter as expensive. Occasionally someone at the bar will produce goods smuggled in from neighboring Kenya and sell them for five times the Kenyan price.

Kweka and his family are the victims of a well-intentioned experiment that has gone awry. Tanzanian President Nyerere was one of the few African leaders who recognized early that agricultural development was the key to economic growth in Africa. In the late '60s and early '70s, he nationalized farms in an effort to boost agricultural productivity. But his socialist approach failed, in part because Tanzanian farmers lacked incentives to cooperate. As a result, production of Tanzania's key export crops (coffee, cotton, tea, pyrethrum and sisal) is 40% lower than it was in 1970. The manufacturing sector, which

was also taken over by the state, has fared no better. Mainly because of a lack of foreign exchange to buy raw materials and spare parts, many factories are now operating at less than 20% of capacity. That has sparked a vicious circle of economic decline. Without consumer goods to buy, farmers produce only enough food for themselves, which in turn means even less foreign exchange to keep Tanzanian factories running. Says Venance Chaka, a Himo farmer: "Africans are just like Europeans or Asians. They want to live better, and they don't really care which system provides the better life."

In most other countries, the problem has been outright neglect of agriculture in favor of more glamorous industrial development. As population growth and urbanization have surged out of control, the plight of rural areas has worsened. Often the state pays artificially low prices for farm commodities in order to finance urban-development schemes and to lower prices for people in the cities. One result: the importation of food has tripled in Africa during the past decade. Nigeria, which was once largely self-sufficient, spends \$2 billion a year on

imported food. In terms of per capita income and the availability of food, the citizens of many sub-Saharan countries are worse off now than they were at independence.

The solution, according to most experts, is to stress the development of agriculture. Elliot Berg, who was coordinator of the African Strategy Review Group for a 1981 World Bank report, argues, "No continent or region or country is going to modernize itself and develop its resources unless it begins with agriculture." The problem, says the World Bank report, is not financing alone. It estimates that aid earmarked for agricultural projects in sub-Saharan Africa totaled some \$5 billion between 1973 and 1980. Berg holds Western governments partly responsible for approving expensive and inappropriate projects in the first place.

As the situation has worsened, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund have begun to impose stricter conditions on countries receiving aid. These include devaluation of inflated currencies, realistic exchange controls, scaled-back development projects and more efficient administration of loans.

"I Am Not Discouraged"

Léopold Sédar Senghor, 77, the former President of Senegal (1960-80), is a poet, a philosopher and one of Africa's most respected elder statesmen. He is among the few Africans ever nominated for a Nobel Prize, and last year was elected to the prestigious French Academy for his contributions to politics and literature. Senghor is also a member of an even more exclusive group: he is one of three African leaders who have relinquished power voluntarily. In an interview with TIME Correspondent John Borrell in Dakar, he discussed Africa's past and how it has shaped the present.*

On Independence. In the 1950s and 1960s it was natural to be romantic and believe that independence would solve all our problems. Then we were too optimistic; now we often tend to be too pessimistic. In reality, the colonizing powers did not prepare us for independence. Today we need to think methodically and formulate an economic and social development plan on both the worldwide and national levels.

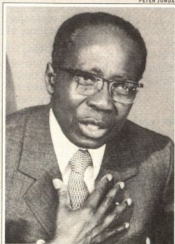
On Africa's Economic Problems. In spite of everything, I am not discouraged. We have started a dialogue with the rest of the world. We need each other, and we can complement one another. We are beginning to make progress through associations like the one that links the European Community with more than 60 African, Asian and Pacific countries. Perhaps more needs to be done in the future about population growth. For us it is

not an easy problem to solve. We love large families. But some progress is being made.

On East-West Tensions. As long as France and Britain had colonial empires, the [cold] war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. could not be waged here. Since then, the struggle between capitalism and Marxism has been transferred to Africa. Mostly it is the Soviet Union's fault. Its most dynamic representative is [Libya's Colonel Muammar] Gaddafi, who is responsible for a lot of the trouble in many parts of Africa.

On Human Rights Abuses. One should not look at the problem in racial terms and say, "Well, naturally, they are blacks." Let us take South America. The majority of the population is white, and yet South America, be it politically or economically, is hardly more advanced than we are. There are dictatorships in South America, and the prisons are full.

On Coups. They are the result of the perversion of the colonial system, which encouraged us to keep the personality cult and the spirit of dictatorship. That was the nature of colonial power. The frequency of coups in Africa is the result of the backwardness in civilization that colonization represented. There are indeed many, many dictatorships. But there are exceptions: look at the Ivory Coast and Cameroon, just to name two. I am concerned about the frequency of coups. We are too docile, allowing ourselves to be influenced by the Americans, the Soviets or even the French and the British. What we should all be fighting for is democratic socialism. And the first task of socialism is not to create social justice. It is to establish working democracies.



Senghor's Léopold Senghor

*The others: former President Ahmadou Ahidjo of Cameroon and Nigeria's former military leader, General Olusegun Obasanjo.

5,000,000 have diabetes and don't know it...

You could be one

It's estimated that 5 million Americans have diabetes and don't know it. The early symptoms are vague and may seem minor. As a result, they are often ignored or not taken seriously enough. Yet, if undiagnosed, diabetes can lead to serious complications affecting various parts of the body, including eyes, heart, kidneys, brain or even life itself.

What are the symptoms of diabetes?

There may be none. Or there may be such simple things as an increase in skin infections or a slower healing of bruises and cuts. Also, be aware of excessive thirst or hunger, frequent need to urinate and extreme fatigue.

These symptoms do not necessarily occur all at once and they usually develop gradually. So it's easy to understand how they can be overlooked or considered part of the normal aging process.

It is important, therefore, to be alert to changes in your body and report them directly to your doctor. You have a greater chance of being diabetic if you are over 40, overweight or have a history of diabetes anywhere in the family.

What is diabetes?

Diabetes is a disorder in which the body cannot control the levels of sugar in the blood. Normally the hormone, insulin, regulates the blood sugar level. But if your body does not produce or effectively use its insulin, diabetes results.

Treatment of diabetes.

Diabetes usually can be successfully managed. Some diabetics need no more than weight reduction, the right foods and moderate exercise to bring blood sugar levels under control. And, if these changes are not enough, a simple oral medication is all that may be needed. Today, even those who need insulin can be better and more comfortably managed by their doctors than ever before.

The diagnosis is easy.

But only your doctor can make it. And remember, if you are over 40 and overweight, or have diabetes in your family, you should have regular blood and urine tests. Early diagnosis in adults can lead to better management and fewer problems later on.

Only your doctor can prescribe treatment.

Follow your doctor's advice about diet, exercise and medication. Also, be aware that you have a support system, which we call...

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Your doctor orders your tests and makes the diagnosis.

Your physician will advise you on your weight, your diet and your exercise, and also decide if you require medication. He will help you monitor your progress.

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PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

World

Wila D. Mung'omba, executive president of the Abridjan-based African Development Bank, believes that additional changes are necessary if Africa is to manage an economic recovery successfully. Among them: aid recipients must curb nonessential imports, end policies tailored to deliver cheap food to the cities, and begin giving greater incentives to farmers.

The response thus far has been mixed. Zimbabwe has taken steps to reduce food subsidies from \$200 million annually to \$58 million. It has raised the price of bread 25% and milk 50%. In addition, the government has raised taxes and devalued the Zimbabwe dollar in order to qualify for \$375 million in IMF and World Bank loans to improve railroads and roads. Before General Buhari's coup, Nigeria had hoped to receive a three-year, \$2 billion IMF loan. But like the Shagari government, the new military rulers are uncertain whether to abide by IMF preconditions and devalue the naira. So far, Tanzania has staunchly refused to observe the strict guidelines of the international lending institutions. Scoffs President Nyerere: "The IMF is a device by which powerful countries increase their power over poor nations."

Much of black Africa has no choice but to depend on foreign aid to pull out of its current economic difficulties. After decades of independence, many African leaders, once seduced by the promises of doctrinaire socialism, have accepted the advantages of private initiative and the free-market system. Though the Organization of African Unity is torn by internal dissension, joint economic efforts on the continent are under way. Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania are attempting to revive cooperative agreements on trade, customs and transportation that collapsed when Kenya pulled out of the East African Community in 1977. Says U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker: "There are signs on the economic front of agonizing reappraisal. There is a climate of realism that wasn't there five years ago."

The new willingness of Africa's leaders to confront their parlous economic circumstances has eroded the appeal of Soviet Marxism. Except in Ethiopia, Angola and Mozambique, Moscow's attempts to play on the anticolonialist sentiments of Africans have foun-tered. For one thing, Africans have discovered that education, customs and trade still tie them more closely to Western Europe. They have also observed that experiments in Marxist socialism have largely been unsuccessful. One of the best examples is resource-rich Ghana, where the four-year-old government of Flight Lieut. Jerry Rawlings, 36, now faces an econo-

my teetering on the brink of collapse. The Soviets have demonstrated skill at selling arms to poor African nations, often for hard currency, but they have even been less generous than the West with their economic aid. Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov has made it plain that the Soviet economy cannot afford to give substantial assistance to Third World countries. Most African nations have taken notice.

Some Western experts acknowledge that they have contributed to African woes by failing to address the specific problems of individual countries. That

Indeed, the Reagan Administration has sliced its aid to Zimbabwe from \$75 million to \$40 million, partly out of concern about Mugabe's increasingly undemocratic and anti-Western policies.

Some experts contend that the proliferation of authoritarian governments in Africa represents a stage in the political development of what are still very young nations. "We have to recognize that the constitutions we bequeathed to our former African colonies don't work in some places," says a British official. "It is not a mortal sin for these countries to adapt them to their own particular circumstances. When one looks at the reality, it is remarkable that Africa is as stable as it is."

According to Wole Soyinka, a well-known Nigerian playwright and essayist, Americans and Europeans should not measure democracy in Africa by their own standards. "When Westerners speak of a democracy," he says, "they think of specific structures: a legislature or parliament, elections conducted by secret ballot, certain formalities of debate—in short, the rituals that were bequeathed to the ex-colonies in the hope they would remain house-trained." Soyinka argues that "the veneer of democracy" bestowed by the former colonial powers "has badly peeled." Its worst manifestation, in his view: the one-party states that have too often become entrenched civilian dictatorships.

Many thoughtful Africans believe that, given time, some sort of home-grown democratic system will take root, although few are able to describe what form it will take. In Africa, as everywhere, economic growth requires a stable political environment.

The evidence so far suggests that countries such as the Ivory Coast, Botswana, Senegal, Cameroon and Kenya have achieved political stability through a mixed economy, a strong, pragmatic central government, and evolving democratic institutions, however imperfect.

A quarter-century after *Uhuru!*, African leaders must recognize that anticolonial rhetoric may win votes, but it will not solve problems. However they may feel about the colonial era, it cannot be expunged from history. The positive legacies of the past must be emphasized, while new ideas are tested to deal with the problems of the present and future. A high priority will be to chip away at divisive tribal enmities. Finally, Africans must accept the essential requirement of political stability: the orderly, peaceful transfer of power in the best interest of the governed. Without that resolve, nationhood in Africa will too often be, as it has been in the past, a sad parody of itself. —By Russ Hoyle. Reported by John Borrell/Senegal, Marsh Clark/Kenya and Peter Hawthorne/Mozambique

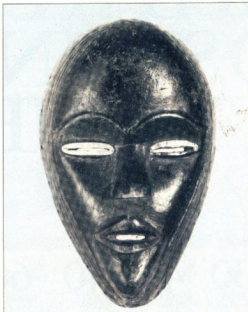


Image of Africa: 19th century Dan mask from Ivory Coast
A need to emphasize the positive legacies of the past.

too is changing. Says a British diplomat: "Situations vary from country to country and call for the development of Western relations with Africa on a bilateral basis." For its part, the U.S. accounts for 10% to 15% of total bilateral aid to Africa for security, economic development and humanitarian purposes. "We're going to see some difficult times ahead," says Crocker. "We should try to help those who are doing the most to help themselves, to create some success stories."

Still, a panoply of difficulties will have to be faced and overcome. Many African countries do not tolerate a free press. Indeed, they favor the adoption of UNESCO-proposed guidelines that Western critics claim will submit reporters to greater regulation. Many African countries lack independent judiciaries, or blatantly disregard the ones they have. Authorities in Zimbabwe, for example, recently ignored a high-court decision to acquit six white air force officers who had been accused of sabotage. The officers have since been released, but the episode caused an outcry in the West.

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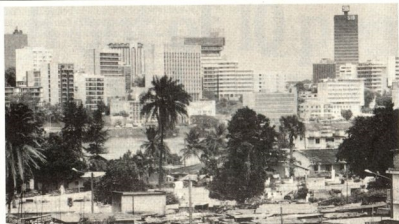
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World



Abidjan skyline: a glittering tribute to two decades of prosperity and stability

Sweating It Out in Abidjan

Despite setbacks, the Ivory Coast remains a rare success story



For residents of Abidjan, the Ivory Coast's modern capital, the crisis seemed to evolve with the inevitability of a malevolent natural force. Two months ago, the electricity in shops and office buildings began to flicker and die for an hour or so at lunchtime. Gradually, larger areas of the city went dark; air conditioners, refrigerators and TV sets winked off. Now the entire city, as well as outlying coastal areas, is afflicted by crippling power outages.

The blackouts have spurred stinging broadsides from the press and public about government mismanagement. More important, they are causing concern that after two decades of prosperity, the Ivory Coast is lapsing into the kind of decay that has plagued so much of the continent. That worry seems to be exaggerated. "The Ivory Coast is an economic success even by Western standards," says a Western diplomat in Abidjan. "Where else in Africa do you have the man in the street grumbling about his refrigerator and TV not working for a few months? The vast majority of Africans don't even own them."

The acute power shortage is the result of a two-year drought that has all but stilled the hydroelectric system, which supplies 92% of the country's energy. Unfortunately, it occurred as the economy was already struggling with the effects of a slowdown that began in 1977, when earnings from key exports, especially cocoa and coffee, dropped 40%. Without electricity, industrial capacity has plunged an estimated 35%. Construction is off 50%. Total business losses are officially placed at \$80 million so far this winter, out of an annual G.N.P. of \$10 billion. Lacinia Coulibaly, president of an

Abidjan firm that manufactures jeans, guesses that his company's forced switch to gas-oil generators has increased his overhead 250%.

In spite of the current setbacks, Abidjan's skyline remains a tribute to the prosperity that has been generated under French-educated President Félix Houphouët-Boigny, 78, who has ruled the country since it became independent from France in 1960. With its sleek office towers dominated by the elliptical 30-story post office building, the modular Banque Internationale pour le Commerce et l'Industrie and the new Abidjan Hilton, the city's profile is reminiscent of Florida's Epot Center. Traffic across the Pont Général De Gaulle bustles every bit as



Selling wares by gaslight during power outage
A lapse in planning, a deception by nature.

much as along the Arlington Memorial Bridge in Washington, D.C., and even an occasional water skier can be spotted crisscrossing the wake of an outboard on the lagoon-like Cocody Bay.

Under Houphouët-Boigny's leadership, the Ivory Coast successfully developed a mixed economy that encouraged foreign investment, local private ownership and economic diversification. Unlike many African leaders, he assiduously encouraged a strong agricultural sector and spent the money necessary to maintain roads, rural electrification and irrigation systems. Houphouët-Boigny was also not afraid to keep strong ties with the country's former colonial master. There are more French in the Ivory Coast now than when the country became independent. "We will meet in ten years to see which of our systems has done more to raise the living standards of our people," Houphouët-Boigny challenged Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's fiery socialist leader, in 1957. Houphouët-Boigny won hands down. Ivoirians now enjoy a per capita G.N.P. of \$1,200 annually, one of the highest in black Africa, vs. \$400 for Ghanaians.

Houphouët-Boigny's government has reacted to criticism about the power shortages by conceding that it failed in the mid-'70s to supplement its hydroelectric system with new steam-powered generating plants. Major dams on the Sassandra, Bandama and Bia rivers are all but dry. Says Konan Lambert, head of the state-run power authority: "We were deceived by nature."

Still, most experts are optimistic about the future. Inflation has come down from 12.8% in 1980 to 8% last year, although unemployment, unofficially estimated at 20%, continues to rise. Still, the Ivory Coast has been lucky. Tribal strife is rare. There may even be a solution to the energy problem soon. In 1977 a consortium of oil companies discovered oil a few miles west of Abidjan; beginning this year, the country will be self-sufficient in oil. The Ivory Coast's period of relative economic stagnation does not seem to have affected its appeal as the premier West African commercial center. "I haven't heard of a single firm threatening to leave," says a U.S. diplomat in Abidjan. "No one is spooked."

Considering how closely the Ivory Coast's fortunes have been tied to Houphouët-Boigny's personal leadership, his failure to appoint a successor has raised questions about the durability of the country's well-being. Most citizens believe that, as a Western resident put it, he "has institutionalized a way of conducting government and business" that will outlive him. Nonetheless, Houphouët-Boigny's subtle blend of entrepreneurial acumen and altruistic benevolence may prove difficult to replace.

—By Russ Hoyle,
Reported by William Blaylock/Abidjan

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Battling on Two Fronts

Winter offensives begin in Washington and El Salvador

In El Salvador the new year opened with a bang that resounded in Washington. Just as the White House made ready to battle on Capitol Hill to wrest perhaps as much as \$175 million in military funds for the Central American nation, disheartening news came of a daring guerrilla offensive. On two year-end raids, leftist insurgents not only captured and held El Salvador's fourth-largest military base for some eight hours but blew up the Cuscatlán suspension bridge, a span that had come to symbolize 20th century progress for Salvadorans.

U.S. officials insisted that there was nothing particularly ominous about the latest guerrilla successes in El Salvador's four-year civil war. But U.S. advisers on the scene feel the rebels are improving as soldiers more rapidly than the government forces. During most of 1983, the guerrillas dominated the fighting. The recent winter offensive proved to be especially ill-timed for the Reagan Administration.

If the White House requests \$175 million in military aid, well above the \$64.8 million Congress approved last year, there will be stiff opposition when the Senate and House of Representatives reconvene on Jan. 23. Congressional critics of U.S. policy in El Salvador were angered when the President used a pocket veto during the holiday recess to block a bill extending the requirement that the U.S. certify El Salvador's progress in human rights and political reform before granting further aid. Last week 33 House Democrats filed suit in federal court charging that the President had acted unconstitutionally. The certification law will undoubtedly be resubmitted once Congress is in session.

The final shape of the Reagan Administration's aid package is also bound to be strongly affected by the recommendations of the bipartisan Presidential Commission on Central America, led by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. The twelve-member panel, which visited all the countries in the troubled region, plans to release its report this week. Though debate within the commission is said to have echoed divisions in Congress and the American public, the group, by most accounts, has now agreed on a general approach for treating Central America's chronic problems of poverty and violence.

The Kissinger commission appears to be unanimous in favor-

ing continued U.S. military assistance and hefty infusions of economic-development funds, which alone could total \$5 billion to \$7 billion during the next five years. Panel members are said to agree that any aid must be tied to political and economic reforms. Such a linkage principle would exclude Marxist Nicaragua, but whether it would put pressure on El Salvador or Guatemala is not clear. The roles that regional negotiations and the U.S. military must play in bringing about stability are also open questions. But whatever the specific issues that remain to be resolved, the White House will find it difficult to ignore or discredit the Kissinger panel's conclusions.

For the moment, the more immediate concern in Washington seemed to be how to hold the line in El Salvador. Buoyed by the reorganization of the Salvadoran high command last November, U.S. military aides argued that government forces "had turned the corner" in their struggle against the guerrilla armies of the five-member Farabundo Martí National Liberation

Front (F.M.L.N.). That was before the start of the winter offensive. In a four-day battle on the slopes of Cacahuatique mountain in the eastern department of Morazan late last month, government forces finally broke a rebel siege, but lost 40 men. U.S. military aides commended the army for responding so quickly to the guerrilla raid, but at least two support battalions broke and ran from entrenched positions.

In the last days of 1983, rebels raided the hilltop headquarters of the 4th Infantry Brigade near El Paraíso, 30 miles northeast of San Salvador. The attack proved a serious blow both to the army and to army morale. After learning that 700 of the 1,300 troops based in the garrison were away on illegally authorized holiday leaves and 200 other soldiers were absent on patrol, the guerrillas struck. In the early hours of the morning, they set off a mortar barrage, scoring direct hits on barracks where government soldiers were sleeping. Some army troops scattered in panic. Within eight hours, the guerrillas had overrun the chain-link fence and barbed-wire perimeter, but they abandoned the fort at nightfall. Several days later, the rebels reportedly released 158 captured soldiers and civilians. Salvadoran military officials claimed that 100 government troops were killed in the fighting, but hospital officials and villagers who witnessed a mass burial reported that at least 160 had died. It was the largest toll of any single battle in the civil war.

Just as fireworks celebrating the new year were subsiding, the guerrillas struck again at the meagerly defended Cuscatlán Bridge, a crossing 50 miles east of the capital on the Pan American Highway that many considered to be indestructible. Before government forces responded to the attack, the rebels managed to plant plastic explosives on the quarter-mile span. The blast snapped the suspension cables and sent twisted sections of roadway plummeting into the Lempa River. Until the bridge can be repaired, cotton, sugar and coffee harvests from the eastern departments will have to be transported across the top of a nearby dam.

The twin attacks underscored the continuing problems that American military advisers have faced in turning the Salvadoran army from a Praetorian guard of the rich into a modern fighting force. They are particularly concerned about the training and motivation of the captains, majors and lieutenants in charge of field combat. Some junior officers have even told their soldiers to wear street clothes un-



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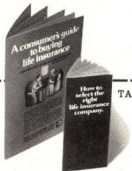
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World

TUNISIA

Bourguiba Lets Them Eat Bread

After a bloody food riot, the President cancels a price hike

der their uniforms so that if need be they can be dressed for surrender. The number of government troops who have gone over to the guerrillas or allowed themselves to be captured is far higher than the number of guerrillas who have accepted the government's amnesty offer.

The night-riding, right-wing death squads that are suspected of killing as many as 25 Salvadorans a week in recent months are causing the White House almost as much concern as the Salvadoran military. Alarmed that right-wing violence might endanger hopes of political reform in El Salvador and alienate congressional critics in the U.S., the Reagan Administration dispatched Vice President George Bush to San Salvador last month to let the government of interim President Alvaro Magaña know in no uncertain terms that the U.S. wanted suspected ringleaders to be transferred out of the army and other sensitive posts or sent into exile by Jan. 10.

Washington officials say that the Salvadorans "got the message" and complain that congressional efforts to force El Salvador to be certified every six months are self-defeating. Says Thomas R. Pickering, U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador: "For the first time we believe the government has responded to the call of treating right-wing extremist violence with the same degree of interest and activity and will as they have dealt with left-wing extremist violence." Last week Major José Ricardo Pozo and Lieut. Colonel Aristedes Alfonso Márquez, two senior intelligence officers with links to the death squads, were assigned abroad. Other officers are also said to be on their way to diplomatic postings in South American countries with military regimes. Still, death squads are a force in El Salvador. Rightists in the country have begun to complain about U.S. meddling. After last week's military setback, editorials appeared in the right-wing press demanding the resignation of the army's high command and an end to American intervention in El Salvador. The Secret Anti-Communist Army, one of the most notorious death squads, warned in a communiqué last week. "We will not allow the gringos to come here and make decisions about military command changes."

American hopes and rebel aspirations will ultimately collide when El Salvador goes to the polls on March 25 to choose a President. "Elections are the key," says Pickering. "The government has a real opportunity to increase its support." But the guerrillas are equally determined to sabotage and discredit this attempt at U.S.-style democracy. The presidential campaign between U.S.-backed centrists and the reactionary right will be bitter and divisive. Whether a fair election can be held at all will depend on an army that has yet to prove its valor in battle or its commitment to change.

—By John Kohan.

Reported by Timothy Loughran/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary/Washington

Tunisia has long seemed a gracious outpost of moderation and stability in the developing world: solidly pro-Western, extending a perpetual welcome to foreign sun worshipers. But when word came that the government was raising the price of bread by over 100%, the façade of stability cracked. Riots erupted last week, starting in outlying regions and spreading to the streets of Tunis, the capital. As mobs composed mainly of teen-agers and young men in their 20s rampaged through city streets, smashing shop windows and attacking post offices and banks, President



Rioting one day, inset; a flower for a soldier the next

Habib Bourguiba, 80, declared a state of emergency.

While gunfire sounded, police and army troops in Jeeps and armored personnel carriers fanned out through the city to quell the "bread riot." The show of force finally brought an uneasy calm, but only after more than 50 demonstrators and bystanders were killed. Then, in a dramatic five-minute radio and television broadcast, Bourguiba announced that he was reversing the price hike. The cost of bread would drop immediately from 18¢ to 8¢, he declared, while previous increases for such staples as pasta and flour would be reduced as well. "We are going back to where we were," he said, fervently hoping that was so. Once again, thousands took to the streets, this time in frantic celebration. Waving baguettes, Tunisian flags and portraits of the President, the exuberant crowds shouted, "Long live Bourguiba!"

Behind the bizarre succession of events there may have been considerably

more at issue than the cost of bread—though rises in food prices have sparked riots in many countries. Despite Tunisia's relatively prosperous face, it is still a country where the rich get richer. In the south, where the rioting began, peasants, mineworkers and laborers complain bitterly of their economic deprivation, compared with the higher standard of living in the more heavily industrialized north. Throughout the nation the poor and the young have been especially hard hit by a lengthy recession and unemployment that exceeds 20% in the cities.

Many rioters were young hooligans, but a substantial number were members of Tunisia's underclasses, which until now have suffered in silence. Said a senior Western diplomat: "There is a Tunisia that has not benefited from economic development and that was usually hidden from view. Now they have shown that they are a substantial power for the first time."

Bourguiba's quick policy reversal has allayed their resentment for the time being. Late last week Bourguiba also fired Interior Minister Idris Guigah, who called out the security forces in the riots. But in defusing the violence, Bourguiba also took a step backward in resolving Tunisia's long-term economic problems. The global recession and plummeting prices of crude oil, Tunisia's principal export, have reduced revenues. The food subsidies, which would have cost the government an estimated \$236 million in 1984, were a sensible target for austerity measures and had been suggested by the IMF and the World Bank, as well as Tunisian economists. Instead, the cuts needed to keep Tunisia's budget in check will probably have to come from development projects that were destined to create jobs.

The economic dilemma is far from Bourguiba's only problem. Since 1956, when he played the leading role in winning Tunisia's independence from France, Bourguiba has ruled his nation without interruption, becoming the object of what amounts to a personality cult. Last week's riots, however, suggest that he cannot depend on such unquestioning adulation in the future. "The kids in the streets are too young to remember Bourguiba as the hero of independence," says a foreign analyst. "For them, he is the paramount symbol of the status quo, and they can curse him one day and cheer him the next." As the time approaches when Bourguiba will have to pass his power to a successor, Tunisia's stability may depend on the regime's success in satisfying that new and volatile constituency.



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TIME is proud to give these outstanding individuals the recognition they've earned and to pay tribute to the hundreds of wholesalers across the nation.

This important award was made in cooperation with WSWA and the Council of Young Executives.





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World

CHINA

Enter Smiling

Zhao comes calling on the U.S.

"There is a saying," Premier Zhao Ziyang once remarked of his agricultural experiments in China's Sichuan province. "When you cross the river, you grope for the stones." But you must cross the river. You cannot just jump over it. This week Zhao will apply that delicate maxim to the troubled waters of Chinese-U.S. relations, which until three months ago were in their most turbulent state since Richard Nixon's opening to China in 1972. As he left Peking for his first visit to the U.S. and talks with President Reagan this week, Zhao indicated a disarming willingness to help eliminate the obstacles that have stood in the way of closer relations between the two countries. Among the major difficulties: Washington's granting of political asylum to Chinese Tennis Player Hu Na; Peking's curtailment of cultural exchanges with the U.S.; a Chinese boycott of American agricultural products; and, most troublesome of all, U.S. arms sales to Taiwan.

Zhao's background would hardly seem to have prepared him to solve such problems. He has traveled abroad relatively little and speaks no English. Yet he is at ease with foreigners and has a reputation as a deft, and occasionally witty, diplomat. After he became a member of the Politburo in 1979, he surprised many Chinese, long bored by tight restrictions on dress, by appearing in public in a Western tie and jacket, the first high official to do so since the Cultural Revolution. Like most of China's present leaders, Zhao was brutalized by the Red Guards. In 1967 he was paraded through the streets of Canton in a dunce's cap and denounced as "a stinking remnant of the landlord class." He has come a long way from that parade, and in the process has effected a more substantive revolution of his own. His agricultural reforms as governor of Sichuan (among them: allowing peasants to keep some profits) increased productivity by 25%. They were subsequently adopted for the nation as a whole.

Deng Xiaoping, China's No. 1 leader in fact if not in title, was so impressed that he promoted Zhao to the top government post of Premier in 1980. Since then Zhao has assumed increasing responsibility for foreign policy and emerged as the leading proponent of closer ties with Washington. At a Western-style news conference for U.S. and Canadian reporters last week in Peking's Great Hall of the People, Zhao, 64, dapper in a trim-cut suit and polka-dotted tie, fielded questions for more than an hour. He seized the occasion to set the tone of his forthcoming visit, sketching out areas of cooperation between the U.S. and China and skillfully down-playing difficulties of the past. When reporters alluded to one of the more recent "difficul-



Premier Zhao at Peking press conference
Skillfully down-playing past difficulties.

ties"—President Reagan's reference to Taiwan as the "Republic of China" during his visit to Japan in November—Zhao acknowledged that the President's feeling of friendship for Taiwan was understandable. In a noteworthy gesture of conciliation, Zhao added that he would not ask Reagan to stop U.S. arms sales to Taiwan "completely and immediately."

Administration officials are just as eager to improve relations. President Reagan plans to visit China in April. Last year, to ease tensions further, the Administration lifted U.S. technology-export-control regulations that put China in the same restricted group as the Soviet Union, thereby permitting the sale of sensitive technology to Peking. That in turn paved the way for two other agreements that Zhao and Reagan will sign at the White House. The first is an accord on industrial and technological cooperation aimed at expanding American involvement in the development of Chinese industry and commerce. The second is the renewal of a 1978 scientific and technological agreement. Negotiations are also under way for an accord on nuclear cooperation and a treaty to define investors' rights in each country.

U.S. officials pointed out last week that despite recent squabbles, notable advances have been made. Bilateral trade has spiraled from \$95.9 million in 1972 to \$4.3 billion in 1983. American tourists to China have grown in number from 10,000 in 1978 to 150,000 last year. Joint research projects—about 300 in 21 different fields ranging from soybean production to earthquake prediction—are also under way. All in all, it would seem, quite a few stepping stones on which to cross troubled waters. ■

FRANCE

Is Carlos Back?

The bombers strike again

Just as Frenchmen around the country were ringing in the new year, a bomb ripped through a first-class carriage on a Marseilles-Paris express train, killing three passengers and wounding more than a dozen. Then, only 16 minutes later and 120 miles to the south, in Marseilles's St. Charles railway station, another tremendous explosion rocked the luggage office, shattering windows, carving out a crater three feet wide, and leaving two dead and 34 injured. Together with two recent explosions in fashionable Parisian restaurants, both blasts were apparently designed to protest the French role in the Middle East quagmire. Last week, as the entire country shook from the reverberations, several alarms were sounded, railway stations were evacuated, and riot policemen began patrolling high-speed trains.

The railway-station explosion occurred, perhaps not coincidentally, as President François Mitterrand delivered his annual New Year's address on national TV. But the President showed no signs of flinching. "In Lebanon, where we are doing our job," asserted Mitterrand, "they depend on us to save human lives. Once the mission is complete, our soldiers will come back here." That unequivocal affirmation apparently created more tension than it defused. On the following day, a bomb shattered the French Cultural Center in the northern Lebanese town of Tripoli.

At least five ideologically diverse groups promptly claimed "credit" for the bombings. From one of these groups re-emerged the Venezuelan terrorist Ilich Ramirez-Sánchez, better known as the infamous and long-sought "Carlos," who in 1982 masterminded a previous French train bombing. His Organization of Armed Arab Struggle announced in several phone calls to the press that the bombings were in response to last November's air raids on Shi'ite Muslim barracks in the ancient Lebanese city of Baalbek. At least 39 people died in those raids. But it is also possible that the most recent attacks were the work of the militant Shi'ite Islamic Jihad group. Ten days before the latest bombings, those extremists warned that unless the U.S. and French withdrew from Lebanon before the new year, they would "make the ground shake under their feet."

Last week French authorities closed down the Islamic Center in Paris, an alleged meeting place for extremists, while bolstering security around embassies and government buildings, in airports and at borders. But still the nation remained apprehensive. Some of the groups seeking credit for the New Year's bombings are doubtless bluffing. But eagerness to accept blame suggests a frightening readiness to earn it. ■

World

CUBA

From Spontaneity to Stagnation

At 25, Castro's revolution has already reached middle age

It was hailed as an anniversary of popular triumph, but the subdued ritual that took place last week in the eastern city of Santiago de Cuba looked more like an exercise in lonely defiance. As a chilly evening rain fell on the tiny colonial plaza of Cuba's second-largest city (pop. 360,000), a crowd of 5,000 carefully selected guests waited patiently as the country's aging revolutionary leadership filed into place on the carved wooden balconies of the venerable city hall. Soaked to the skin, the audience heard Army Chief Raúl Castro declare all of Santiago a "hero of the republic" and bestow upon the city Cuba's highest honor, the Order of Antonio Maceo. Then all eyes shifted to the central balcony, where President Fidel Castro, 56, stood alone, his head bowed. Stepping to the lectern, Castro used words he had first uttered to a frenzied and much larger crowd from the same spot exactly 25 years earlier, announcing the overthrow of Dictator Fulgencio Batista: "The revolution begins now."

Notably absent on this occasion was the kind of flamboyant improvisational rhetoric that Castro introduced to the world a quarter-century ago. The graying revolutionary *jefe* read from a prepared text for a mere 90 minutes—a brief span compared with the five- and six-hour Castro stem-winders of the past. In a detailed litany of the accomplishments of his Communist regime, Castro described Cuba's socialist state as "the most advanced political and social system known in the history of mankind."

With that, Castro launched into venomous language to describe the No. 1 enemy of his revolution and, in his view, of mankind: the Reagan Administration and U.S. "imperialism." The U.S. leadership, said Castro, is composed of "new Nazi-fascist barbarians, blackmailers by nature, cowardly, opportunistic and calculating like their Hitlerian predecessors." The Reagan Administration, he charged, is pushing the world toward nuclear holocaust. Citing in particular the deployment of new U.S. medium-range nuclear missiles in Western Europe, Castro declared that President Reagan's "warlike hysteria" would produce a "necessary and just response" from Cuba's main ally, the Soviet Union.

Above all, Castro singled out the U.S.-led invasion of Grenada. Referring to the 24 Cubans who died in the invasion, Castro declared to loud applause that "the blood shed by the heroic collaborators who fell in Grenada will never be forgotten." Nor, he said, would the Cuban revolution "tremble or vacillate" should the time come to defend itself. Harking back yet again to the Santiago triumph of 1959, Castro invoked the "heroism, patriotism

and revolutionary spirit" of that day to achieve the same aim: "Victory."

Castro's choice of this year's anniversary setting may have been a bid to rekindle the revolutionary fervor of the past. It may even have been, as some foreign observers speculated, an indication of the Cuban President's longing for those simpler, happier days when, as a charismatic guerrilla leader, he descended like a savior from the island's rugged Sierra Maestra. But whatever Castro's intentions, the real effect of last week's ceremonies was



The young guerrilla leader near his Sierra Maestra stronghold in 1958

to demonstrate, by sheer force of symbolic contrast, that the Cuban revolution in the past 25 years has led from spontaneity to virtual stagnation. Ronald Reagan, in his special anniversary radio broadcast to Cuba last week, tried to make the same point for reasons of his own. At birth, said Reagan, the Cuban revolution marked "what all of us hoped was the dawn of a new era of freedom." Instead, said the President, "the promises made to you have not been kept. Since 1959 you've been called upon to make one sacrifice after another. And for what?"

As the man who inflicted the worst defeat on Cuba's revolutionary foreign policy since the '60s, Reagan already knew at least part of the answer. The Cuban regime is still reeling from Grenada. For Castro the defeat was a personal one: Grenadian Prime Minister Maurice Bish-

op, whose murder in October by more extreme Marxist elements of his regime precipitated the U.S. intervention, was a close friend and protégé.

While the Cuban government publicly blames the U.S. for all aspects of the Grenada debacle, rumors are circulating in Havana that Cuban military and diplomatic personnel are paying penalties for the defeat. Among those said to be out of favor with Castro are Julián Torres Rizo, the youthful Cuban Ambassador to Grenada, who failed to warn Havana of the plotting against Bishop, and Lieut. Colonel Pedro Tortoló Comas, dispatched by Castro to Grenada four days before the U.S. intervention to organize the unsuccessful Cuban resistance.

Despite the ignominy of Grenada,

ANDREW ST. GEORGE—LIFE

both Castro and his regime have survived a quarter-century of more or less unremitting hostility from the most powerful country in the hemisphere, an animus that has increased during the Reagan Administration. As Castro put it, "To us corresponds the historic role of confronting at a distance of 90 miles, or even less, at 90 millimeters, if the territory occupied by the Guantánamo naval base is considered, the most powerful imperialistic country on earth." In the process, Castro has converted his country, with a population of only 9.8 million, into a significant global actor, with some 45,000 troops and advisers operating as Soviet proxies in such countries as Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia, and with Cuban civilians working in some 30 countries.

In assessing the achievements of his prematurely middle-aged revolution, Castro takes special pride in its social bene-

fits, particularly in the areas of public health care, education, public housing and nutrition. Some of Cuba's progress is indeed impressive. The country has one of the Third World's highest ratios of doctors to overall population (1 to 626 in 1980); Castro confidently predicted last week that within 15 to 20 years Cuba would lead the world in health-care delivery. Illiteracy has been virtually eliminated; Cuba's population now has an average educational level equivalent to junior high school. Last week Castro added the boast that Cuba is the second-best-fed country in Latin America, after Argentina, a major grain and beef exporter.

What Castro failed to mention is that strict food rationing (2 lbs. of meat a month, 2 oz. of coffee every two weeks) is an integral part of revolutionary Cuban life. Indeed, recalling that Cuba in 1959

produced in Cuba. He maintained that mechanization had increased to the point where 100,000 sugar-cane cutters were doing the work formerly done by 350,000, and that similar productivity gains applied to other branches of industry. Castro heaped scorn on some other Latin American nations, particularly Brazil, where huge foreign debts accompany "constant reports of social calamities, unemployment, hunger, inflation."

The Cuban leader made no mention of his country's own foreign-debt crisis, which, in per capita terms, puts most nations in the shade. In the West, Cuba owes Western banks and governments an estimated \$3.2 billion, including \$1.1 billion in short-term debt to private banks. More than a year ago, Cuba announced that it was unable to meet its payments; efforts to reschedule the debt burden have been un-

labor to the East bloc, including an estimated 10,000 workers who were sent to cut Soviet timber in Siberia in exchange for supplies of wood.

Cuba's biggest contribution to the Soviets, however, is its globe-girdling armed forces, which have been particularly helpful in propping up Marxist regimes in northeastern and southern Africa. Says a Reagan Administration official: "The Cubans pay back the Soviets by their world behavior." What Castro calls "internationalism" has been a hallmark of his political philosophy ever since he took power, and it has not always been in harmony with Soviet policy or objectives. Nonetheless, that philosophy shows little sign of alteration, particularly in Angola, even though the Reagan Administration hopes to gain the withdrawal of some 30,000 Cuban troops from that country as a condition for the independence of neighboring Namibia. Says Cuban Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodríguez: "As Marxist-Leninists, we must be pragmatic. But we will not sacrifice a principle to obtain a result. Our pragmatism has its limits."

One of the striking features of Cuba's revolution is its increasing militarization. The regular Cuban armed forces, 153,000 strong, are among the largest in Latin America and, with a Soviet military subsidy estimated at \$950 million annually, are formidably equipped. In addition, Castro last spring called for an increase in the "territorial militia" for local defense, which could bring additional millions of men and women under arms. The reason given for the huge force is the bellicosity of the Reagan Administration. That hardly explains the rising influence of the military in the highest circles of Castro's one-party state.

The growing military role in Cuban policy circles underscores the increasing bureaucratic complexity of the regime. Castro emphasizes the point, referring frequently to Cuba's "collective" leadership. However it is described, the regime is still a one-party dictatorship backed by a wide-ranging and vigorous repressive apparatus.

At times, Castro has vaguely hinted at dissatisfaction with the course that the aging revolution has taken. As recently as 1981 he told a closed session of the National Assembly that "the revolution cannot become old. We can become old." Castro erred: both can happen. As he reminisced last week about the first speech in Santiago after his triumph, Castro waxed nostalgic about those spontaneous early days. He recalled his promise from the same balcony that "the people will have what they deserve." "No one spoke then of the Marxist-Leninist party," he said, "or of socialism or of internationalism... very few had understood at that moment their true significance." Both Castro and his foes, particularly in Washington, are sure they understand that significance now. —By George Russell. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Havana and Barrett Seaman/Washington



The veteran Chief of State during his anniversary return engagement in Santiago de Cuba

had a prosperous middle class. Cuban Expert Wayne Smith, a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington, D.C., notes that "in the great equalizing process, the standard of living has declined."

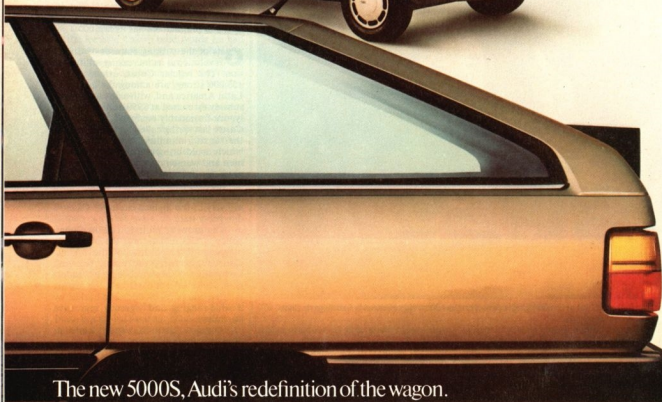
A few touches of capitalism have crept back into the state-controlled Cuban economy. After fulfilling state quotas, peasant farmers and artisans are now permitted to sell their surplus goods at free-market prices. As a result of the mild free-enterprise revival, some Cubans have more pocket money to spend these days, and the government allows personal savings accounts of up to \$2,000 to earn 2% interest. Higher returns are forbidden, says a Cuban banker, because "we don't want people living off their interest."

Castro noted in his speech that at nine sugar refineries under construction in the country, 60% of the components were

der way in Paris and London since last March. But in addition, Cuba owes more than \$9 billion to East-bloc countries, principally the Soviet Union.

Cuba had to resort to such heavy borrowing despite an economic subsidy from the Soviets that amounts to \$4 billion annually. Much of the subsidy comes in the form of artificially high prices for Cuban sugar, which is still, after much Communist rhetoric about the evils of a one-crop economy, the island's chief product. Despite all the Soviet help, Cuba continues to run a trade deficit of \$700 million annually. The chief result of Soviet aid, coupled with the continuing U.S. embargo against trade with Cuba, is to pull the Castro regime ever deeper within the Soviet economic orbit. U.S. officials estimate that fully 80% of Cuba's \$12.5 billion annual trade is with the East bloc. To help ease its trade imbalance, Cuba exports cheap

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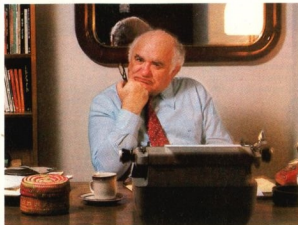
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People



Post-election return: Timerman pondering his visit to Argentina

He was expelled from Argentina in 1979 after the right-wing military regime had him imprisoned and tortured, without ever bothering to accuse him of a crime. But last week **Jacobo Timerman**, 61, who has since become an Israeli citizen, returned to Argentina for a firsthand look at life under the newly elected civilian government of **Raúl Alfonsín**. His return, he explains, is for two reasons: to recover his newspaper *La Opinión*, which was confiscated and later auctioned off by the military junta, and to seek justice against his torturers. Timerman, who recorded his ordeal in *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, has not decided whether he will—or can—reopen his paper (he says he likes writing books), but if he does, it sounds as if the editor will be pro-government. "I am really impressed with the new President," he says. "I am not used to so much democracy."

Ten years ago, **Don Everly** put down his guitar at a California concert and walked off the stage, thus ending on a sour note the stormy partnership with his brother that had spawned such hits as *Bye Bye Love*, *Wake Up Little Susie* and *Cathy's Clown*. While they went their separate ways during the 1970s, neither went very far as a solo performer. Now Don, 46, and **Phil**, 44, have put aside their differences, and last September the Everlys gave a reunion concert in London, which will be

broadcast this week on HBO. "Phil and I are getting along now," says Don. "It will be interesting to see where this takes us." They plan a new album this spring and possibly a tour. And while the singing siblings are not the baby-faced boys they once were, their rocking harmonies remain everly sweet.

Their grand jeté from the Bolshoi Ballet to freedom in 1979 landed **Valentina** and **Leo-**

nid Kozlov in the charmed troupe of Soviet dance defectors that includes Rudolf Nureyev, Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov. Now the couple, who have dazzled audiences with their performances at the New York City Ballet, are making yet another artistic leap, from terpsichorean classics to a Broadway revival, *Rodgers and Hart's On Your Toes*. Actually, the couple have already done seven weeks in the show while it was being readied in Washington, D.C., and Seattle. Their Broadway run will be only two weeks, filling in for the vac-



Phil and Don Everly back in tune



The Kozlovs in *On Your Toes*

tioning regulars in the roles of the Russian ballerina and her dance partner. All this bouncing about seems very American, which Valentina, 29, takes to enthusiastically. "It's so fast," she says. "Maybe it's crazy, but it's life." For his part, Leonid, 36, has noted one happy difference about Broadway: "In the theater, people are applauding all the time. In ballet, they applaud at the end."

His rhinestone- and sequin-soaked suits have left audiences gasping while he excuses himself to "change into something a little more spectacular." But no one has managed to turn excess into success like **Liberace**, 64, who still reigns as the glitter king of the big-bucks show-biz circuit. To be sure, he still faces the unresolved "palimony" suit filed against him by his former chauffeur-bodyguard **Scott Thorson**, 24. But nothing is dampening the celebration of his 40th year in show business. For the first time he is taking his Las Vegas show—sets and kaboodle—on the road in April to New York's Radio City Music Hall, where he will be joined but never upstaged by the Rockettes. "The Music Hall is a temple to entertainment," he says. True to form, Liberace is planning to put on the dog—and just about every other animal with a furry pelt. The topper: a 12-ft. by 16-ft., 175-lb. Norwegian blue shadow fox coat priced at a hair-raising \$300,000.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Putting on the dog: Liberace and the Rockettes getting ready



New Year's babies

Economy & Business

Breaking Up Is Hard to Do

Ma Bell is gone and big problems face the eight baby companies she spawned

At the stroke of midnight, at his vacation home in Florida, American Telephone & Telegraph Chairman Charles Brown and his wife Ann Lee raised glasses. Said Brown: "To the men and women of the Bell System." A thousand miles away, at a party near New York City, a longtime Bell manager lamented, "The world's best phone system is being broken up. What's there to be cheerful about?"

While much of the U.S. was offering champagne toasts or blowing noisemakers to welcome the new year, the world's biggest company, the Bell System, died quietly. It broke up into eight giant pieces—a new and smaller A T & T plus seven regional holding companies—in line with an out-of-court settlement of an antitrust suit reached on Jan. 8, 1982, between the Justice Department and Bell.

Seldom has anything so big ended so unceremoniously or uneventfully. Ma Bell simply walked offstage after 107 years, to no applause and no disruption in service. Millions of Americans picked up their telephones on New Year's Day and still got dial tones, as if nothing had happened.

Some 800 million calls a day went through as before. Nearly a million employees reported to work on Tuesday to more or less the same places they had gone the previous Friday.

Once they got to work, though, plenty was going on, including celebratory breakfasts, pizza parties and balloon poppings. In San Francisco, a giant banner showing the company's globelike logo was unfurled at A T & T's regional headquarters. At its Manhattan offices, the new, slimmed-down A T & T got quickly down to work and showed that things would be changing in American business. On Monday, the company signed an agreement under which Convergent Technologies, a computer manufacturer, will build new products for A T & T. Before the breakup, such a move would have been barred by the Government.

Institutional investors like pension-fund managers showed interest again in the eight new companies. Those stocks had not changed in value much since trading started in November, but they rose smartly last week. The biggest gainer was U S West, which climbed more than 7

points, to 63%. The other operating companies also showed handsome increases.

Although more than 10,000 telephone people spent the past two years working out details of the divestiture, Americans last week still had millions of questions about their new phone company—or companies. Unfortunately, at every level of what used to be the Bell System and in the regulatory commissions of all 50 states, there were many more questions than answers. Confesses William McKeever, telecommunications analyst at Dean Witter Reynolds: "Everybody is confused. The customers are thoroughly confused. The employees are confused. The companies are confused. So are the regulatory commissions, the unions and the stockholders. And so am I."

Uncertainty prevails, too, over long-distance charges. Last week A T & T announced it would cut those tolls by more than 10.5%. But the company linked the reduction to congressional acceptance of a special charge for access to long-distance lines that the Federal Communications Commission has mandated.

Nothing much is likely to be resolved

in the next few weeks or even months. In the Northeast, customers will be getting bills this week that will average nine pages and include statements for local service, various kinds of long-distance tolls, and equipment charges. Countless users have convinced themselves that they have to do something with their phones now that divestiture has taken place. Not true, as A T & T is pointing out in an expensive TV advertising campaign featuring Andy Griffith. Customers can continue to rent their phones as they did before the split-up, they can buy the Bell phones they have been using, or they can turn them in and buy new ones, either from A T & T Information Systems or from any of several new suppliers.

Not many consumers seemed to realize that. In Chicago, a few days before divestiture, long lines formed at the Illinois Bell Telephone service center in the Loop as customers rushed to turn in telephones and exchange them for others before Illinois Bell went out of the telephone-supply business. "What a mess!" declared Margaret Jackson, one of five harried clerks wearing a T shirt imprinted with BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO. She tossed a pink Princess phone onto a growing, brightly colored pile of discarded equipment behind the service desk. Said she of the long line of short-tempered customers glowering at her: "I really feel for them. So many of them don't know what is going on." The scene was the same in Atlanta, where Service Representative Muffin Morrison said, "People are panicking."

Inside the operating companies, bizarre developments were taking place. Phone-company officials in some old Bell System facilities set up barriers to separate operating-company employees from those working for the new A T & T. In West Chicago, A T & T must now share a third of its space in a sprawling plant with Ameritech, the regional holding company for five Midwestern states. A partition is being installed between double doors at the building's main entrance, and the plan is to have employees enter on either the Ameritech or the A T & T side. Inside, about 450 people have been separated by walls, including one in the cafeteria. No one is forbidden to cross over to fraternize, but the implicit message is "Keep to your own turf." Said James Quinlan, Ameritech's plant manager: "If the lawyers had their way, this place would be divided up with six-foot concrete-block walls and rolls of barbed wire on the top." New Jersey Bell is more direct: it has canceled its annual softball game with A T & T.

The segregation was in line with both the letter and the spirit of the divestiture terms agreed to by A T & T and the Government. U.S. Judge Harold H. Greene during the past two years has overseen all details of the split-up, issuing numerous rulings affecting everything from Yellow Pages advertising to who could use the Bell logo and name.

Of course, rough edges are expected in any corporate realignment involving \$155

billion in assets. Most of the minor troubles will be worked out in time, but some of the problems run deeper. Executives in the regional holding companies, as well as those in the local operating companies, are wrestling with the crucial and politically delicate issue of deciding how much to charge the public for what kinds of service. Said Paul F. Levy, chairman of the Massachusetts department of public utilities: "January 1 was the operation. After that we go into intensive care."

It is a subtly sophisticated job made all the more so by the fact that rates will begin reflecting the true costs of telephone service for the first time in half a century. Until now, long-distance rates were artificially high and helped subsidize local service. Documenting the need for rate increases is a laborious, painstaking procedure requiring the talents of scores of people. But officials at the New York public service commission complain that it has been extraordinarily difficult to communicate with rate people at New York Telephone and that this has hampered the company's proposed \$775 million rate increase. The commission may challenge almost all of the rate request, in

fecting Big Business customers, the operating companies will be forced to raise bills to consumers. Says Levy: "Our job is to make sure that the rates we have in effect are economic, so as to minimize uneconomic bypass."

Industry analysts fear that if the operating companies cannot move deftly in some of the newer regulatory areas, they will have even more trouble when they try to adjust to direct competition, a relatively new experience. Admits Richard Santagati, who heads NYNEX's business-information-systems sales staff: "There's a steep learning curve to overcome."

The telephone companies are trying to solve their problems in part by elevating good managers and encouraging poor ones to leave. They are also quietly pressuring some executives into early retirement. But only a small number of managers have so far opted for it. Of the 110,000 people who would become part of A T & T Information Systems alone because of divestiture, only 4% have accepted retirement deals. Tradition-bound Bell will have to move fast to keep up with the increasingly competitive telecommunications industry. Says Analyst McKeever: "A T & T has to realize that they are in the real world."



Clerk Margaret Jackson stacks returned telephones at an Illinois Bell service center in Chicago. Rampant confusion and even panic, but millions of Americans could still get a dial tone.

part because of questions about claimed divestiture costs. William Burns, vice chairman of the regional holding company NYNEX, admits to some disorder in New York Telephone's regulatory staff, but claims that it is the commission and not the company that is confused.

If rates are not set speedily, or if they turn out to be fixed too high, large corporate phone users will be encouraged to set up their own communications systems, bypassing local phone companies and depriving them of revenues. That poses a severe threat to the typical user's phone bill. If too much revenue is lost because of de-

fecting Big Business customers, the operating companies will be forced to raise bills to consumers. Says Levy: "Our job is to make sure that the rates we have in effect are economic, so as to minimize uneconomic bypass."

—By John S. DeMott.
Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Conan Putnam/Chicago

U.S. Gov't Report

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Economy & Business

What a Way to Start a Year!

Bullish tidings gladden both moneymen and the Administration

A little more than a year ago, the U.S. was mired in its deepest and most painful slump since the Great Depression. Since then, the economy has been recovering rapidly, and upbeat indicators have become fairly common. But by any standard, last week's good news was simply dazzling. The economy seemed to be letting out a shout of joy that echoed from Wall Street to Main Street to Pennsylvania Avenue.

On Wall Street, investors went on a binge that pushed volume on the New York Stock Exchange to an alltime one-day high. Moneymen had been expecting a year-end rally, but it never materialized. Then the bull market came roaring out of its pen as if it were bent on starting another rampage. Said William LeFevre, a market strategist with Purcell, Graham & Co.: "This was the week investors stopped looking at higher interest rates and started looking at corporate earnings." Trading on Thursday reached 159.99 million shares, well above the old mark of 149.35 million set two days after the 1982 congressional elections. Mounting a serious challenge to the previous high of 1287.20, hit last Nov. 29, the Dow Jones industrial average climbed 28 points for the week and closed at 1286.64.

The Administration received good news in the form of the latest unemployment figures. The Labor Department announced that joblessness in December fell to 8.2%, down from 8.4% in November. Just a year earlier, unemployment had peaked at a post-Depression high of 10.7%.

The political benefits of the rapid improvement were hardly lost on the Reagan Administration. White House insiders are now confident that the business rebound will deny the Democrats the economy as an issue during this presidential election year. Said White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes: "The year 1983 proved to be one of promise as the economy produced nearly 4 million new jobs."

Retailers were also jubilant. With the holidays behind them, merchants were finally able to tot up their receipts, and the figures made very good reading. Christmas sales more than fulfilled expectations, and the 1983 holiday shopping season was the best in nearly a decade. Revenues of major stores were more than 10% higher than last year. Sears' sales improved 35%, while Minneapolis-based Dayton Hudson recorded a 25% gain. Predicted Dayton Hudson Chairman William Andres: "Consumer confidence will continue to grow, and we'll continue to see good retail sales in 1984."

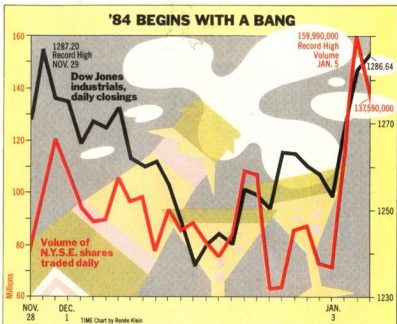
Detroit also had reason to celebrate. When automakers closed their ledgers on 1983, they reported sales of 6.78 million cars, a 17.9% gain over 1982 and the in-

dustry's best performance since 1979. Quipped Edward Yardeni, chief economist for Prudential-Bache Securities: "Consumers couldn't buy Cabbage Patch dolls, so they went out and bought cars."

Chrysler led the Big Three with a 21.7% increase last year, to 841,622 cars. Ford, which sold 1.57 million autos, climbed 16.8%. General Motors' sales of 4.05 million cars showed a gain of 15.3%. But the biggest improvement was made by American Motors on the strength of its highly successful Alliance subcompact. AMC sold 193,351 autos in 1983, a 72% increase over 1982. Last week American

mism found in the markets. Said Otto Eckstein, chairman of Massachusetts-based Data Resources: "The economy is in a classic expansion phase. With employment up by such a magnitude and store sales rising as high as they did, incomes and retail sales will continue to rise in the months ahead." Concurred Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Townsend-Greenspan economic consulting firm: "This news is telling us that the recovery is still solid and still has a long way to go."

Not everyone, however, saw only good times ahead. In a leaked memo, Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, urged President Reagan to call for a \$50 billion tax increase in the budget that he will present to Congress later this month. An outspoken opponent of runaway deficits, Feldstein warned that without new taxes the federal



Motors reported that it made money in 1983's fourth quarter, the first time it had managed a profit since early 1980.

The good news at home had its parallel abroad, where Americans were enjoying the spending power of the strongest dollar in years. Propelled by the high level of U.S. interest rates and concerns about political instability abroad, the dollar smashed records for three straight days. The U.S. currency reached alltime highs against the French franc, the Italian lira and the British pound, and a ten-year peak in relation to the West German mark. By the end of the week, a dollar was worth 8.59 francs, 1,700.25 lire and 2.8 marks. The pound cost only \$1.40. The dollar's gains continued even though the U.S. Federal Reserve was selling greenbacks to brake the currency's rise. Economists generally shared the opti-

shortfall will be "at least \$170 billion in every year between now and 1989." He said later: "The economy is very strong. Unemployment has shown the biggest twelve-month drop since the Korean War. But we shouldn't let this lull us into believing that we don't have to do something about the deficits."

Feldstein's proposal is certain to be opposed by Administration aides like Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. Last year Regan sharply clashed with Feldstein, rejecting the CEA chairman's contention that taxes had to be raised substantially to cut the deficit. With all the good news, many Reagan Administration officials would seemingly prefer just to sit back and let the good times roll than worry about deficits.

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and
Lawrence Mondl/New York

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History's Biggest Takeover?

Giant Texaco offers \$9.9 billion to Getty Oil's feuding owners

It started as a bitter struggle between Gordon Getty, amateur composer and opera singer, and the defiant managers running Getty Oil, the cornerstone of the empire built by the late Jean Paul Getty. As the battle developed, both sides resorted to intrigue and duplicity worthy of the Medicis. But late last week, giant Texaco unexpectedly entered the picture and seemed likely to emerge the winner by offering to buy up Getty Oil for about \$9.9 billion. The deal, subject to stockholder approval and a green light from Justice Department antitrust lawyers, could be the largest takeover in U.S. history (previous record holder: Du Pont's acquisition of Conoco in 1981 for \$7.2 billion).

Texaco, third-largest oil company in the U.S. (1982 revenues: \$48 billion), snatched 14th-ranked Getty (\$12.3 billion) from the embrace of a much smaller suitor, Pennzoil (\$2.3 billion). Only three days earlier, before Texaco jumped into the bidding, Pennzoil Chairman J. Hugh Liedtke and Gordon Getty had sealed a \$5.2 billion deal to buy up Getty Oil's stock jointly for \$112.50 a share and make the company a private firm. But then came Texaco with an irresistible offer of \$125 a share. The Texaco price will bring Getty heirs almost \$4 billion; a month ago, their shares had a market value of about \$2.3 billion.

Getty Oil is the biggest piece of the family fortune left by Jean Paul Getty, who died in 1976. Gordon Getty, 50, youngest of three surviving sons, inherited 13% of the family oil business but, until the past year or so, scarcely seemed interested in it. Designated by *Forbes* magazine last fall as the richest American (net worth: \$2.2 billion), Getty spent much of his time as a patron of the arts. He wrote songs based on Emily Dickinson poems and occasionally performed as a baritone with the Marin Opera Company near San Francisco, playing roles like Cascair in *Zaza*. Getty, of course, did not have to worry about where his next five-course meal was coming from; his Getty Oil dividends alone paid him \$28 million annually.

After the May 1982 death of C. Lansing Hayes Jr., a longtime family adviser, Getty suddenly found himself sole trustee of the Sarah C. Getty Trust, named for his grandmother, a fund that controls 40% of the oil company. When he began looking at the firm more closely, he concluded that its performance was poor and its stock undervalued. The company's market price at the start of 1983 was just \$48.50 a share. Getty questioned the company's diversification ventures, including those into insurance and cable television.

The firm in 1979 had acquired an interest in the money-losing Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN) and in 1980 had purchased the Kansas-based ERC insurance group.

When the heir urged Getty Oil Chairman Sidney Petersen, 53, and the company's directors to reconsider corporate strategy, he ran into resentment and resistance. "I was surprised at the antics of



Getty

Jean Paul's son Gordon, the richest American
Intrigue and duplicity worthy of the Medicis.

management," says Los Angeles Oil Analyst Craig Schwerdt. "It didn't seem possible for them to buck the wishes of Gordon Getty and get away with it."

Not for lack of trying, though. When a July 1983 report by Goldman, Sachs favored a \$500 million-a-year stock-repurchase plan as a way of boosting the company's market price, the Petersen-dominated board of directors rejected the idea because it would have increased the Getty family's stake to about 53%. Indeed, the board took just the opposite tack, deciding in early October to issue new shares that would dilute Getty's influence.

A truce seemed at hand later in October when the warring parties signed a one-year agreement that prohibited both sides from altering the status quo. But that accord lasted about as long as a cease-fire in Lebanon. During a Getty Oil board meeting in November, the directors asked Gordon to leave the room. While he was out, they decided to support a lawsuit challenging his position as sole head of the Sarah C. Getty Trust.

The suit, brought on behalf of Gordon's improbably named 15-year-old nephew Tara Gabriel Galaxy Gramophone Getty, had been started by the teen-ager's father, J. Paul Getty Jr., 51, Gordon's older brother. The two siblings have seldom got along. Gordon's lawyers charged that oil company officials coerced J. Paul Jr. into bringing the lawsuit.

While watching this melodrama from his Houston headquarters, Pennzoil's Liedtke sensed that Gordon Getty might welcome a partner. Liedtke made his first move two weeks ago, with a \$1.6 billion offer of \$100 a share for 20% of the oil company. Then while the rest of the business world watched bowl games the day after New Year's, Getty and Liedtke huddled over plans in Getty's apartment on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Liedtke, 61, a lawyer and Harvard M.B.A., outlined a strategy that would make Getty Oil a private firm owned 57% by family heirs and 43% by Pennzoil.

That Pennzoil-Getty accord, though, drew the attention of Texaco, based in White Plains, N.Y., which has also been looking for new supplies of crude oil. Texaco's total petroleum pool shrank 25% between 1979 and 1982, to about 1.9 billion bbl. With the addition of Getty's supply, Texaco's reserves would double. Texaco Chairman John K. McKinley decided to top Liedtke's bid. First Boston, a New York City investment banking firm, advised McKinley on the price to propose. Texaco offered \$125 a share. On Friday, Getty's board approved the deal in a hastily scheduled conference telephone call.

When Liedtke heard of the offer, he shot off a telex to the Getty board threatening to sue the company for breaking the earlier agreement and promising to exercise a stock-purchase clause entitling Pennzoil to purchase 8 million Getty shares at \$110 each. That would net Pennzoil a profit of some \$120 million at the price Texaco is offering to pay.

The final word has probably not been heard from Liedtke, and the Justice Department could raise antitrust objections to the merger of the third and 14th largest U.S. oil companies. But no matter what happens now, Gordon Getty has achieved his goal of driving up the price of the family's stock. His company holdings, valued at \$500 million a year ago, are now worth about \$1.3 billion.

—By Stephen Koopp.
Reported by Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles and Gary Taylor/Houston

The Grand Acquisitor's New Prey

Does Rupert Murdoch really mean to grab Warner?

The brief letter from Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. to Warner Communications was impeccably polite, but it had the impact of a death threat. Received on Dec. 30 and made public last week, the letter announced that Murdoch's company might buy up to 49.9% of Warner's stock. Later in the week Murdoch notified the Securities and Exchange Commission that he might wage a proxy fight to "influence the management or acquire control of the company." At Warner's Manhattan headquarters, executives quickly donned flak jackets for a takeover battle.

When Murdoch bought 7% of Warner's stock last month for \$98 million, he insisted that it was only an "investment." But that claim sounded suspicious coming from a grand acquirer. Murdoch has already bought the *New York Post* (for \$30 million), the *Boston Herald* (\$1 million plus a share of future profits) and the *Chicago Sun-Times* (\$90 million) and established a sprawling publishing empire with assets of \$1.5 billion that now includes more than 80 newspapers and magazines in the U.S., Britain and Australia. Wall Street immediately began to wonder if Murdoch wanted to charge into new businesses by gaining control of all or part of Warner, a troubled conglomerate (1983 revenues: about \$3.5 billion) that makes movies, records, video games and computers and owns cable-television systems, *Mad* magazine and the *New York Cosmos* soccer team.

Warner Chairman Steven Ross did not wait for the Australian to make his next move. Two weeks ago, he struck up a partnership with Chris-Craft Industries that seemed tailor-made to thwart a Murdoch takeover bid. The agreement calls for Chris-Craft, a diversified New York-based manufacturer of boat engines, plastic products and chemicals, with fiscal 1983 revenues of \$84.4 million and profits of \$3.99 million, to acquire about 25% of Warner's stock. In return, Warner would gain a 42.5% stake in a Chris-Craft subsidiary that owns two television stations and interests in four others.

If that deal goes through and Murdoch then tries to take over Warner, he might run afoul of any number of federal laws and regulations. One is the Communications Act of 1934, which prohibits foreign ownership of broadcast licenses. Moreover, one of the Chris-Craft stations is in San Antonio, where Murdoch has two newspapers, and the Federal Communications Commission frowns on a company's owning both broadcast and print media in the same locale.

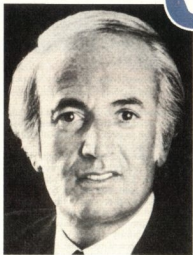
Ross seemed to have sandbagged Murdoch. But then the press lord asked the FCC last week to review the partnership proposed by Warner and Chris-



Australia's press magnate mounts an attack

Craft, arguing that if the two companies joined forces, they would illegally own both cable-TV networks and direct-broadcast stations in some cities.

Murdoch met secretly with Ross and Chris-Craft Chairman Herbert Siegel in the Manhattan offices of Allen & Co., the Australian's investment banker. Ross and Siegel reportedly tried to persuade Murdoch to sell his Warner shares, but they must have failed. Murdoch subsequently sued Warner and Chris-Craft in a Delaware state court, saying that their deal was designed merely to protect the interests of the management of the two corporations.



Chairman Ross marshals a takeover defense
The wizard lost his magic as Atari crashed.

Like many of Murdoch's targets, Warner has fallen on hard financial times. Until recently, Ross was hailed as a wizard for his 1976 acquisition of Atari, the video-game and computer manufacturer that cost Warner \$28 million and brought it profits of more than \$680 million between 1979 and 1982. But when the video-game business crashed last year, so did Warner. Atari lost \$536 million in the first nine months of 1983, which wiped out healthy earnings by Warner's movie and record divisions and left the company with an overall deficit of \$424.7 million. Warner's stock plunged from a 1982 peak of 63 to a low of 19 last summer. Since Murdoch began purchasing shares in December, the stock has risen about 6 points, closing last week at 28.

Wall Street is not sure what the publisher has in mind. Some analysts think he is bluffing. According to this theory, Murdoch hopes that his overtures will boost Warner's stock enough so that he can sell his current 7% stake for a tidy profit.

Another hypothesis is that Murdoch may want to trade his Warner stock for only part of the company. One particularly attractive prize is Warner's library of more than 1,000 movies, from the 1942 classic *Casablanca* to the 1983 hit *Risky Business*. The Australian has unveiled plans to start a satellite broadcasting service next year, and Warner's film collection would provide blockbuster programs.

Murdoch, though, may have trouble pulling together the nearly \$1 billion needed to buy a 49.9% share of Warner. His company reported debts last June of \$234 million, and since then he has borrowed at least \$188 million. One potential source of cash is the publisher's 11% stake in Reuters. If the news agency goes public this spring as it proposes, Murdoch would receive stock worth between \$100 million and \$250 million.

Even if the money is available, a Warner takeover might stretch Murdoch's empire, and energy, a bit thin. Partly because he was preoccupied with the Warner affair, Murdoch failed to show up in Chicago last week for meetings to wrap up his acquisition of the *Sun-Times*, and formal transfer of the newspaper's ownership was postponed until this week. Observed one *Sun-Times* executive: "Rupert Murdoch runs not so much a company as a Byzantine court. There is only one decision maker and every day from all over the world come countless calls requiring his imprimatur."

Murdoch is accustomed to such criticism and skepticism. In on many of his takeover raids he has confronted hesitant owners, hostile executives and defiant unions. On most occasions he has also persisted and prevailed. Warner executives had better keep on those flak jackets.

—By Charles P. Alexander,
Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago and
Adam Zagorin/New York

Mr. Smith Shakes Up Detroit

A new-style GM chairman is restyling the largest automaker

Chairmen of the board at General Motors tend to be bland organization types. Though they command a vast \$60 billion industrial empire that controls more than 60% of the U.S. automobile market, none in recent decades has had the public impact of Henry Ford II or Lee Iacocca. Three years ago, when Roger B. Smith, a 5-ft. 9-in., red-haired man with a squeaky voice, moved into the walnut-veneered chairman's office on the 14th floor of the General Motors building in Detroit, he was expected to blend into the woodwork. Smith had joined GM as an accounting clerk in 1949, spent his entire career with the company and was unknown outside the automobile industry.

Now 58, Smith would still be a pretty good choice for an American Express "Do you know me?" television commercial. Only last month, an NBC news broadcast referred to "General Motors Chairman Roger Miller." But inside GM, Smith is proving to be the most forceful chairman in a quarter-century. In the year before he took over, the company lost \$762 million. Smith dramatically cut costs and raised cash by closing four plants and arranging for the future sale of the GM building in New York City for at least \$500 million. He has kept costs low by consolidating and modernizing operations, laying off thousands of workers and winning wage concessions from hundreds of thousands of others. As a result of those measures and a better auto market, GM expects to show record profits of perhaps \$3.8 billion for 1983, on sales of 4.1 million cars. Previous high for profits: \$3.5 billion in 1978, the same year that GM set its record for car sales of 5.3 million.

Smith is surprising auto industry lead-

major problem facing GM. When the company began building smaller models—the X-, J- and A-cars—in the late 1970s, it ordered its divisions to use the same basic models to save money. The most egregious instance was the J-car, which was forced into service for all five divisions. Recently a Cadillac engineer was asked to explain the principal difference between the Cadillac Cimarron and the Chevrolet Cavalier, two J-cars. His reply: "Oh, about \$5,000."

Buyers were quick to catch on to the manufacturing sleight of hand. Chevrolet sales slumped partly because drivers could slide into the seat of a comparable Oldsmobile or Buick for only a few hundred dollars more. Quality also suffered, since individual divisions did not have to take responsibility for the corporate clones. The X-cars have suffered an embarrassing number of recalls and face a Justice Department lawsuit.

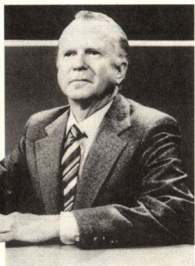
By blurring the distinction between competing car lines, GM was violating a cardinal rule of Alfred P. Sloan Jr., the management genius who rescued the company from near bankruptcy in the early 1920s and ran it until 1956. In 1921, Sloan recommended that GM rationalize its products by manufacturing "a line of cars in each price area, from the lowest price up to one for a strictly high-grade quantity production car." After eliminating moribund models like the Scripps-Booth, and phasing out another, the Oakland, Sloan created the five-division lineup that has survived for nearly 60 years.

Under Smith's plan, Chevrolet and Pontiac would be combined into a small-car group, which would sell nothing larger than intermediate-size models such as

45-m.p.g. model by 1987. In addition, GM has created alliances with four Japanese automakers. It has made large investments in both Isuzu and Suzuki, and expects to import 300,000 of their cars. Its agreement with Toyota to produce 250,000 cars annually in Fremont, Calif., was approved last month by the Federal Trade Commission. And GM has also quietly arranged for Nissan, Toyota's archrival, to build cars for its Australian subsidiary.

This last linkup boosted Smith's already high standing in Japan. "Many, many Japanese auto tycoons are trying to emulate Smith-san," says Nobuyoshi Yoshida, Japan's leading automotive journalist, who praises Smith for his flexibility, his keen accountant's eye and his pragmatic deal-making ability. Adds Yoshida: "Japanese businessmen would feel guilty doing business with such rivals as Nissan and Toyota at the same time."

Sure-handed in business dealings, Smith sometimes seems all thumbs when it comes to dealing with the public. He has antagonized shareholders by trying to limit their questions to management at annual meetings. He infuriated the United Auto Workers in 1982 when he became involved in pay negotiations. After Smith



The boss of a \$60 billion industrial empire



Buyers have trouble telling the models apart: Pontiac, Chevrolet, Buick and Oldsmobile

ers even more by tinkering with the long-sacrosanct GM system. Says David Lewis, an aide in the president's office at GM from 1959 to 1966 and now a professor of business history at the University of Michigan: "He was all work and no play, but I underestimated the guy. He intends to make his mark on GM, and he will."

This week GM's 24-member board of directors will meet in New York City to vote on Smith's latest proposal: a reorganization that would consolidate the company's five car divisions (Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac) into two groups, one selling small cars and the other larger models.

Revamping the car lines could solve a

the Chevrolet Celebrity and Pontiac A6000. Production of big cars would be restricted to Buick, Oldsmobile and Cadillac. GM would continue to market cars under the present five names. Each part of the bifurcated company would still be larger than either Ford or Chrysler. Word around Detroit last week was that Chevrolet General Manager Robert Stempel, 50, will take over the small-car group, while Buick Boss Lloyd Reuss, 47, will head the large-car group.

Other changes at GM pushed through by Smith are no less revolutionary. His small-car strategy is the most diversified of any U.S. automaker's. He has launched the company's Saturn Project to develop a

repeatedly complained that workers were overpaid and cost cutting was needed to regain a competitive position, GM announced a richer bonus plan for top executives on the very day that the union signed a contract accepting wage concessions. Admitted Smith afterward: "I'd rather it hadn't happened."

Still, Smith has plenty of time to smooth out his public personality. If, as expected, he stays on the job until the company's usual retirement age of 65, he will have put in 9½ years as chairman. That would give him the longest tenure as GM boss since the legendary Alfred Sloan.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by Paul A. Wittman/Detroit

Max Troubles for Betamax

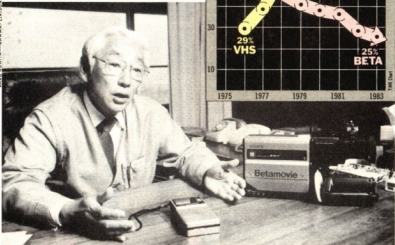
Sony struggles as its videotape-recorder market slides away

Japan's Sony Corp. has long boasted that it is "the one and only." But that confident advertising slogan now is beginning to sound hollow. The company that gave the world the transistor radio in the '50s, Trinitron color television in the '60s, the Walkman portable cassette player in the '70s and the Watchman micro-TV in the '80s is in trouble. In 1983 Sony's sales slipped for the first time in eight years, to \$4.8 billion, while profits fell for the second consecutive year, to \$119.3 million.

Sony's troubles stem from a disastrous slump in sales of its Betamax videotape recorder, which in 1983 accounted for 41% of the company's sales. Last week Zenith announced that it would no longer sell Sony's machine under its brand name. Zenith thus joins companies such as Toshiba and NEC that have abandoned Sony's videotape system in favor of the VHS method developed by archival Matsushita (1982 sales: \$15.7 billion), which sells products in the U.S. under the National, Quasar and Panasonic brand names. Says one industry watcher in Tokyo: "Zenith's move means the demolition of the Sony-led Beta group."

wanted to enter the business and concluding aggressive marketing pacts with such companies as RCA and General Electric. Sony later improved the Betamax so that it played longer tapes and had more features, but the company never regained its dominant position. Result: Betamax, which had 62% of the videotape-recorder market in 1977, now has just 25%.

Sony's current troubles, though, go beyond Betamax. The company's Mavica filmless camera, announced with much fanfare in August 1981, has yet to appear on store shelves. Sony and other firms are still dickering over standards for the camera's reusable magnetic disc. In addition,



Chairman Akio Morita is being blamed by some for his company's technological eclipse. Clinging to slow sellers but still investing heavily in the development of new products.

In 1975 Sony introduced the first videotape recorders, which let people make copies of their favorite television programs or play tapes of movies on their TV screens. Two years later Matsushita announced a cheaper recorder that worked on a rival technology, known as VHS, which used different-size tapes and made recordings for up to six hours, while the Betamax machine could play for only three hours. The longer tapes were particularly popular with sports fans who wanted to record football or baseball games. Matsushita then outmaneuvered Sony by adding extra features to its recorders, providing licenses to other companies that

Sony's personal computer, the SMC-70, has had disappointing sales, and companies like NEC have grabbed the market lead in Japan. Sony executives admit that it will be difficult to repeat past triumphs. Explains one executive: "The electronics industry has reached a stage of maturation, and investment no longer pays off as quickly as it used to."

Sony has been taking measures to help slow the slide. Last year the company slashed winter bonuses for its top executives for the first time in its 38-year history. Sony's two operating departments were split into seven divisions so that senior executives, including Co-Founder

Akio Morita, 62, could isolate trouble spots and improve efficiency.

Some Sony watchers are blaming the urbane, silver-haired Morita for the firm's problems. Snipes one: "Morita's perception of Sony as a high-tech, venture-capital firm is already dated." Critics accuse Morita of continuing to believe that consumers will readily pay a premium for Sony products. Says one Tokyo observer: "The trouble with Sony today is that company officials are overconfident about their own technology. Their competitors are now their equals technologically. Sony is heading toward the worst disaster ever unless it steers in a different direction."

The course Sony is steering is to develop still more high-technology products. Despite falling profits, the firm spent 8% of last year's sales on research and development, compared with the industry average of 5% to 6%. Some of the laboratory projects have already hit Main Street. One, the compact-digital-disc player, has been hailed as the likely replacement for today's stereo systems. The players use beams of light, rather than needles, to play 4.7-in. silvery discs. Sony last year sold 150,000, or half, of all the CDs purchased in Japan, for prices starting at \$495. Sony's two new down-size Walkmans, only slightly bigger than a pack of cigarettes and priced at \$99.95 and \$129.95, are already hot sellers in the U.S. Another potential hit for Sony is its 3.5-in. micro-floppy-disc drive for personal computers, which can store a megabyte, or 1 million characters of information. Hewlett-Packard already includes the Sony device in its machines, Apple Computer will use it in its new Macintosh computer, and there are rumors that IBM is about to adopt it for future computers.

While Sony continues to churn out new products, it has not given up on Betamax. The company recently introduced a 5½-lb. hand-held camera and a stereo system that are compatible with Beta videotapes. Says Kenji Tamiya, president of Sony Corp. of America: "We have absolute confidence in the Beta format." Others are skeptical. Says Reginald Duquesnoy, an industry analyst with Arnold & S. Bleichroeder, a Wall Street investment firm: "The longer Sony sticks with Betamax, the more severely it'll get beaten."

Sony may eventually have to give up on today's war and get on with fighting the new one developing for smaller videotape recorders, which operate with narrow, 8-mm tape. Several companies, including such competitors as Hitachi, Toshiba and Sony's old nemesis Matsushita, are planning to produce their own 8-mm machines. In the past week alone, RCA and General Electric both jumped into the 8-mm market. Sony must make certain that the upcoming 8-mm shootout does not become a ruinous reprise of the Beta battle. —By Michael Moritz. Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Yukinori Ishikawa/Tokyo

BENSON & HEDGES

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Law



A police roadblock in New Jersey is part of stricter enforcement that has increased arrests

Drunk Drivers Turn to the Bar

With toughened laws, fewer deaths and more lawyers

When Donald Nichols began his law practice in Minneapolis in 1971, he did what a lot of struggling young attorneys do: he took on cases that nobody else wanted, including the defense of drunken drivers. "At that time it was the garbage of the law business," Nichols recalls. His intention was to spend a couple of years at this beginner's work and then move on to more respectable projects. But today Nichols is still defending drunk drivers, a specialty that has become a thriving subdivision of the legal profession.

The proliferation of lawyers who take on drunken-driving cases is the predictable result of a national crusade to break the connection between alcohol and death on the highways. That movement has been gathering momentum since 1980, when the first branch of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD) was formed in California. MADD and its many allies have just had their best year. In 1983, 40 states toughened their drunken-driving statutes. At least nine passed laws mandating jail terms for second offenders; 39 states now have such laws. Eight states, most recently Wisconsin, passed laws raising their drinking ages.

The new laws, plus an increase in police roadblocks and other enforcement tactics, appear to be having an impact. In the first six months after New York State's drinking age was pushed up to 19, 18-year-old drivers were involved in 21% fewer alcohol-related accidents that caused death or injury. According to the National Safety Council, the U.S. death toll in alcohol-related traffic accidents over New Year's weekend was 274, the

lowest since 1949. During 1980, the U.S. Department of Transportation reports, 28,000 people were killed in accidents involving alcohol; in 1982 the total was 25,600. Although experts agree that there are also other factors, Safety Council Spokesman Charles Hurley credits much of the improvement to "the increased perception by the public of the risk of arrest from drunken driving."

That anxiety has sent accused drunken drivers flocking to their local law offices. "There's a tremendous boom going on in the field," says Nichols, who publishes the *Drinking/Driving Law Letter*. "You're seeing it nationally, even in states without stiff penalties. The fear level is up all over." Attorney Reese Joye of Charleston, S.C., notes that a decade ago there were only about 30 lawyers in the entire country who had regular trial experience in drunken-driving cases. Today, he estimates, there are at least 100 in every state.

Many are doing very well, in their bank accounts if not in the esteem of all of their colleagues. One Illinois defense attorney wears a heavy gold bracelet emblazoned in diamonds with "11-501(a)," the legislative designation of the state's drunken-driving law. Unlike many defendants in other kinds of criminal cases, a large number of drunken drivers are middle class and thus able to pay for a competent defense. Even a simple case now costs a client \$500 to \$1,500 in most parts of the country. As cases get more complicated, fees inevitably rise. Francis Moore, a New Jersey attorney whose five-lawyer firm handles between 1,000 and 1,500 drunk-driving cases a year, demands a retainer

of \$3,000 for accused third offenders. Some lawyers' bills are as high as \$5,000.

With such rewards at stake, it is no surprise that legal workshops on drunken-driving defense are well attended. Nichols and Joye, along with two other attorneys and two scientists, have been running one of the most successful. Incorporated under the name Continuing Education Seminars, the group is currently on a 15-city tour; as many as 100 local attorneys attend the one-day sessions, which cost \$160. Other popular seminars have been offered by local trial lawyers' groups and the American Bar Association.

"The new laws have made it more difficult to get off scot-free," says Maryland Lawyer Robin Ficker, who advertises for clients among drunken drivers (despite the fact that his sister was killed by one). "But an imaginative attorney can still be persuasive." Agrees Minnesota's Nichols: "Even though we've had this mandatory jail policy, very few of my firm's clients have actually gone to jail, because we pursue every single avenue." The most common strategies: attack the credibility and procedures of the police or their scientific evidence, especially the breath-testing equipment used to measure blood alcohol content. In most states today, a measurement of 10% is considered proof that a driver is drunk. Defense attorneys across the country have challenged the reliability of breath-analysis equipment, and they have had some success. Starting in 1982, several courts found that police radio equipment could at times affect the accuracy of some models of Smith & Wesson's Breathalyzer. That legal argument lost part of its power eight months ago, when tests for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration showed that radio-frequency problems are rare and can be avoided with proper safeguards.

Defense attorneys do not apologize for their work, pointing out that their clients are entitled to representation. And some do not hesitate to advocate a bare-knuckles kind of legal gamesmanship. If drivers have the choice, they should "take a urine test; it is notoriously unreliable," counsels Public Defender Richard Erwin of Ventura County, Calif., a member of the Continuing Education Seminars team. "Otherwise, take the breath test. Whatever you do, don't take the blood test. It's too accurate." That kind of advice infuriates the anti-drunken-driving activists. "Drunk driving is a multimillion-dollar business for lawyers," says an angry Doris Aiken, founder of Remove Intoxicated Drivers (RID). She has some advice of her own for the new legion of legal specialists. "The best thing a lawyer can do for the drunk driver," she says, "is to tell him to face the music, and not go after a big fee to get him off."

—By Michael S. Serrill.
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Magda Krance/Chicago

Press

Newsweek's Outsider Bows Out

And an insider steps up as its sixth top editor since 1972

When William Broyles took over as editor in chief of *Newsweek* in September 1982, the choice was widely seen as quirky. He had run successful magazines, *Texas Monthly* and *California*, but had almost no background in news coverage. Yet there was a bold rationale to the move: Broyles, with no ties to the magazine's past, would not feel hidebound by its traditions. A Texan, he would bring a heartland perspective to a magazine perhaps oriented too much toward New York City and Washington. While others were caught up in day-to-day reportage of events, he could develop long-term projects. Said *Newsweek's* owner, Katharine Graham: "He will add a whole new dimension."



BRAYNE F. FORTIN

Moving up: a hands-on approach to the job
Summoned from Vermont to a breakfast.

From the start, however, Broyles' tenure was troubled. He not only remained the outsider, but was sharply criticized by some of his staff for concentrating on features that resembled pop sociology, and by others for failing to take charge on breaking news stories. Said one *Newsweek* Washington correspondent: "No one got a clear idea of the direction in which he wanted to take the magazine." Rumors floated repeatedly that he was about to quit. Last week, at what was scheduled to be a routine story conference, Broyles, 39, proved the speculation true by announcing his resignation. He plans to write about his experiences as a Marine lieutenant in Viet Nam in 1969-70. Said Broyles: "I do not want to edit any more."

To replace him, Graham chose Executive Editor Richard Smith, 37, who joined *Newsweek* in 1970; it has been his only employer. A former writer and reporter who specialized in international coverage, Smith has edited the magazine's

international editions for the past year.

Smith will be *Newsweek's* sixth top editor since 1972. During that time, the magazine, which is a subsidiary of the Washington Post Co., has also had seven presidents. At the publication's 50th anniversary party last February, Humorist Art Buchwald cracked that Broyles was "the editor of the month." One major reason for the frequent turnover, according to company executives, is Graham's dissatisfaction with the pace of *Newsweek's* efforts to catch up with TIME. Although advertising increased under Broyles, *Newsweek's* share of the total ad revenue for all U.S. magazines dropped during the first eleven months of 1983 from 5.7% to 5.6%, while TIME's rose from 7.5% to 7.6%. From mid-1982 to mid-1983, *Newsweek's* U.S. circulation edged up by about 22,000, to 3.02 million; TIME's rose 164,000, to 4.7 million. There have been persistent rumors, firmly denied by Graham, that the magazine might be up for sale.

The rise of the well-regarded Smith was a setback to another insider, Editor Maynard Parker, 43, who as Broyles' deputy was making the week-to-week decisions much of the time. Smith is expected to be a hands-on editor, probably diminishing Parker's role. The two men are close friends, however, and Parker said last week, "I intend to soldier on."

The incident that may have soured Parker's prospects was the handling of *Newsweek's* purportedly written by Adolf Hitler. Last April *Newsweek* and other organizations bargained unsuccessfully for U.S. publication rights from the West German photo weekly *Stern*. Under Parker's supervision, *Newsweek* then ran an all but breathless cover story, synthesizing the memoirs, which included the memorable lines "Hitler's diaries—genuine or not, it almost doesn't matter in the end." After they had been exposed as forgeries, *Newsweek* ran a second cover suggesting that it had played a major role in uncovering the fraud. Says one *Newsweek* veteran: "That episode killed Parker. There were expressions of high-echelon support, but it was poor judgment, and everyone knew it."

Broyles' era included other questionable decisions. In September 1982, an obituary for Grace Kelly remained as the cover story even after hundreds of Palestinians had been massacred by Lebanese Christians in refugee camps in an Israeli-controlled section of Beirut. Broyles' explanation: he did not know he could switch covers on a Saturday, as TIME did. Last August a provocative story on the impact of acquired immune deficiency

syndrome (AIDS) on the gay community was illustrated by a cover photograph of two men in an embrace.

But amid the occasional misadventures, Broyles brought a number of achievements to the magazine. *Newsweek* produced a special issue in February that looked at 50 years of U.S. history through the lives of five ordinary families in Springfield, Ohio, and stretched the news-magazine concept with a 25-page special report on a killer's road to the brink of execution. Broyles successfully sought to have stories be more "rooted" in the nation's basic concerns, a concept he expressed by using the word America, in some form, 14 times on twelve covers in 1983. Broyles, says a Washington correspondent, "won support for his idea that the news grew out of long-term trends, and that *Newsweek* should spot and report those trends before anybody else." Smith credits Broyles with shrewd hiring, including 25% of the maga-



NEWS/JOHNSON

Heading off: an editor who wants to write
A failure to find the right dimension.

zine's correspondents. He also supervised a long-heralded redesign of the magazine, which has received Graham's approval but has not yet been put into use. Because of Broyles, says Smith, "we are not in a period where *Newsweek* has to be radically redefined."

Smith's sudden promotion was as big a surprise to him as to anyone else: the 6-ft. 5-in. outdoorsman was on vacation near Brattleboro, Vt., and had just come home from a flying lesson when he got a telephone call from Broyles, summoning him back to New York. Smith asked, "Can I come back to Vermont after the meeting?" Replied Broyles: "I don't think you are going to want to." Next morning Graham gave Smith the good news over breakfast, and he took charge as soon as the decision was announced. Said the exuberant Smith: "Why not start at the start?"

—By William A. Henry III
Reported by Marcia Gauger/New York and Hays III
Gorey/Washington

Designers Get Down to Work

Spiffy uniforms liven up the office, the factory and the beat

Thank God that's over. Not pollution, not the decay of ancient monuments. But the city of Rome has solved at least one of its urgent problems: the Women's Police Corps, just ten years old, some 600 strong. What were these women going to wear?

Granted, at the beginning everything seemed so simple. Together, Rome's councilman for the city police, Mario De Bartolo, and Policewoman Enrica Pirri, who had abandoned a job at a fashion house to do public relations for the Corps, developed the idea for a competition. Why not have Pirri's former colleagues design a replacement for the women's version of men's outfits—navy blue skirt instead of trousers and regulation jacket with a couple of bust darts added to accommodate anatomy? Five renowned Italian designers would be invited to submit prototypes. The prize would be prestige and publicity for the designer of the winning uniforms: for the

Women's Police Corps, the benefits would be a spruce new look, and maybe even some respect from the male Roman citizenry. The mayor would select the winner. *Bravo. Perfetto.*

Catastrophe. Not the designs—there was a general consensus that they were excellent. Laura Biagiotti came up with not only a trim pants-skirt and navy blouson but also a knit pullover colored wine red and gold, the official city colors. The policewomen were enthusiastic, the press enchanted. Gucci created a leather blouson and helmet that looked as if it belonged on a Flash Gordon storm trooper. The Fendi sisters, working as usual with Karl Lagerfeld, went far afield from their luxury furs and submitted a striking winter woolen overcoat with a storm cape that the Brontë sisters might have worn for a brisk constitutional on the moors. The other contenders—Milan's Mila Schön, and the Fontana Sisters of Rome—also made impressive showings. It was an em-

barrassment of riches and, as it turns out, a bit of an embarrassment altogether.

These designs were all paraded in early July, and the authorities missed a prompt decision. The policewomen filled out questionnaires and nominated favorite garments. But what began as an exercise in design and shrewd public relations became a political matter. The Fendis and Guccis, being prominent in the field of fashion and society, have powerful friends at court. Mayor Ugo Vetere, stoutly vowing that no pressuring would be permitted, probably felt several *g-forces*' worth. Officials took almost half a year maneuvering toward a decision, then announced the results just at the onset of the holidays, hoping that Yuletide good will would dissipate disappointment and defuse jealousies. The Fendis won. But, then, so did the Guccis. It was, perhaps inevitably, a draw. The Fendis would provide most of the basics, and Gucci the leather goods. The first designer wear should hit the streets on April 21, just in time for the Birthday of Rome celebration. What Solomonic cunning! What a gesture of fashion brotherhood! And—let's face it—what a relief. Who could ever have thought that uniforms would be so... important?



Rescuing the Roman policewoman with high style: a Fendi rig



The Gucci approach to law enforcement hits the street



SAS wings it with Calvin Klein



Sony work force gears up in vestments by Issey Miyake



Paris city guides sport Laroche

Designers, for openers. There is hardly a major designer in Europe or America who has not turned a hand to churning out a tunic, or a blazer or a pantsuit for some aspect of light industry or heavy-duty business. Oscar de la Renta has outfitted the Boy Scouts of America; Halston did uniforms for Braniff and Avis; Ralph Lauren turned out TWA air and ground personnel; Issey Miyake has dressed an impressive percentage of the Japanese work force, from employees of Shiseido, Coca-Cola Bottlers and Sony to members of the

Ground Self-Defense Force Band. Giorgio Armani and Gianni Versace have already designed uniforms for a women's military service that has not even been voted into existence by the Italian parliament.

Adolfo provided Suntery Ltd.'s publicity staff with floor-length evening outfits. Guy Laroche dresses the hostesses at the Paris city hall, and there is deep suspicion that the French fashion House of Carven now survives largely on its uniform contracts (Paris' meter maids, Meridien hotels). This fall, Calvin Klein unveiled his new outfits for SAS on overnight flights from the U.S. to Scandinavia. The passengers awakened to breakfast served by cabin attendants in spanking-new tailored Calvins.

says, "Working women who don't have a great deal of money to spend on clothes may get up in the morning frustrated that they don't have appropriate clothing, so they don't bother to show up."

The notion that a nifty Blass combo might make for a more enthusiastic work force may be questionable, but the tradition of designers creating uniforms is well established. In 1942, when the Navy wanted its WAVES smarter than the Army's WAACS, who looked dismayingly butch in heavily padded jackets produced by men's-wear manufacturers, they turned to the great couturier Mainbocher. He concocted a perky, functional wardrobe featuring a trim, short-jacketed dark suit and a hat with a white crown and an awesepit brim.

At Carven Couture, uniforms account for 80% of the annual gross of the company, which produced 65,000 uniforms for some 25 clients last year. For most designers, however, financial remuneration runs a distant second to good press and general amusement as reasons to get into uniforms. Says Klein: "It's done more for fun than profit." The big bucks come when, like Blass, they manufacture the uniforms themselves. This irks the old guard of professional uniform makers. "With a name designer your big problem is they do not take utility into account," gripes Ira Legon of New York City's Appel Uniforms. For the designers, however, standardization and budget can be stultifying. Armani, for example, recognizes the "prestige and promotion" value in uniform design but cautions, "You can't be very creative. And there can be terrifying results."

There is one further, relatively fresh field: clerical garb. Whether designer vestments would induce terror or pity in worshippers or boost morale and recruiting to the ministry remains uncertain. But there are dreamers. Biagiotti, a most honorable also-ran in the policewomen's sweepstakes, consoles herself with fantasy. "I'd like to design a nun's habit. I like fullness. And those beautiful black and white wools falling in folds. Lovely." —By Jay Cocks, reported by Leonora Dodsworth/Rome and Elizabeth Rudolph/New York



A regal ensemble by Laura Biagiotti

Bill Blass has come up with another wrinkle. Besides working on a top-secret uniform for America's Girl Scout leaders, Blass has designed work tops for staff at New York's renovated Kaufman Astoria movie studios. He has fashioned a total executive look. The studio maintenance crew get cotton twill overalls; the women execs blazers, skirts and blouses; and the men gray flannels, navy blazers and a matching tie emblazoned with the corporate "K" logo. Says Executive Vice President Cheri Kaufman: "Blass's clothes have a chic-ery to them. When people put on his uniforms it gives them a sense of being part of what is going on. They're not threatened." Or teasing, it might be added. One Blass design that was rejected was a wrap skirt for the women execs. Notes Blass: "Wrap skirts can be a hazard in an office, not for the wearers so much as for the people they are exposed to. Sometimes they can be too provocative."

"Clothes for work shouldn't be too sensual," agrees Klein. "They should be comfortable, neat and modern." Uniforms, and what the rag trade likes to call "career apparel," can be a "fringe benefit, paid for by the company," in the words of Cynthia Rossumme of the National Association of Uniform Manufacturers & Distributors. They are also a social equalizer. Citing industry research, Burlington Menswear President Bernard Leventhal

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Environment

Heat over Wood Burning

Pollution from home stoves is nearing crisis proportions

In winter, when the mountain air sparkles and snow blankets the nearby hills, Missoula, Mont. (pop. 33,000), might easily be mistaken for an Alpine resort. Last week, however, it had the smogbound look of Los Angeles. A dismal haze cloaked the lumber community, virtually blotting out the slopes of the Bitterroot Range. Health authorities were forced to sound a week-long air pollution alert. They urged pregnant women, joggers and the elderly to stay indoors rather than risk breathing the foul air. Some children were not allowed out of classrooms during recesses. The local bus line dropped fares from 35¢ to a nickel to encourage drivers to leave their cars at home.

The major problem was not exhaust from motor vehicles but a new and growing source of pollution: the acrid, stinging smoke from wood-stove fires. Ever since the mid-1970s, when the Arab oil embargo sent fuel prices skyrocketing, the people of Missoula and many other American communities have been seeking out alternative sources of heat, including wood stoves. In the past decade, wood burning has more than doubled across the country. The Department of Energy estimates that more than 20% of all households now burn wood for some or all of their heat. In Vermont, more heating is done with wood than with oil, coal or electricity.

Although wood in many areas has the virtue of being cheap, home-grown and renewable, its use as fuel exacts a terrible toll. In such cities as Denver, Portland, Ore., and Missoula, more than half the minute solids in the winter air, so-called particulates, may stem from wood burning. Geography compounds the problem when there are atmospheric inversions; in mountain-rimmed Missoula last week, low-lying cold air was trapped under a smothering blanket of warmer air, preventing the escape of particulates.

No definitive evidence is yet available on the health hazards. But there is reason for concern. The fires produce some of the same carcinogens as cigarettes. They also give off colorless, odorless carbon monoxide, which can be dangerous in a building sealed to prevent heat loss. Another troublesome emission is a family of toxic chemicals known as polycyclic organic matter, or POMs, which are to be studied by the Environmental Protection Agency

(EPA). On a lesser level, says John Westenberg, legal analyst and organizer of Missoulians for Clean Air: "There are colds, sore throats, burning eyes."

Most antipollution laws were devised to control industrial wastes and the fumes of the internal combustion



Wood-fired stoves give off clouds of sooty smoke in Missoula



Warmup time in Hanover, N.H.

engine, not contamination from individual homes. When governments try to invade this sacred terrain, the political effects can be incendiary. Explains Barbara Evans, a member of the board of Missoula County commissioners, which passed bitterly contested legislation controlling home wood fires: "People feel their personal rights are being

invaded. They become angry, frustrated."

One way to reduce pollution would be to get stoves to burn at higher temperatures so they would emit less waste. Manufacturers have developed smaller, more efficient stoves. But poor burning practices abound. Homeowners sometimes toss green, moist wood into their fires, along with rubbish and newspapers. (The EPA recommends wood that has been air-dried at least a year.) Mark Loding, a chimney sweep who practices his Dickensian craft in the Charlevoix-Petoskey-

Harbor Springs area of Michigan, is appalled by the fire-making habits of his customers. Says he: "Chimneys are clogged with nasty stuff. People are putting in too much wood and not allowing enough air to reach the fire."

For the time being, the EPA has consigned the problem to the states and affected communities. But local political action is not easy. It was only after much controversy that the Oregon legislature last June passed a bill that will require all stoves sold in the state after 1985 to meet minimal state-set emission standards, probably forcing homeowners to buy automobile-type catalytic converters (estimated cost: up to \$500 each).

In 1981 Missoula County tried persuasion, adopting a voluntary plan that called for avoiding green wood and fires on smoggy days, and installing cleaner stoves. The approach failed. When the county commissioners held public hearings last year on tougher measures, a hastily organized group calling itself the United Woodburners of Missoula County staged a "Right to Burn" march that flaunted placards proclaiming WOODBURNERS ARE WARM PEOPLE. In November the commissioners passed a watered-down set of regulations that empowered local inspectors to slap warnings and then citations carrying fines up to \$100 on those who continue to burn wood during a pollution alert in a designated area. Thus far, inspectors, who have been cursed, threatened and, in one case, even cornered in a room for 20 minutes, have handed out some 100 warnings.

According to Taxidermist Dick Turner, a leader of the Missoula opposition group, which hopes to put the question of regulation to a countywide vote: "Wood burning is an old Western American tradition. It's a way of life a lot of people truly enjoy." To which Clean-Air Proponent Westenberg replies, "Controlling a stove is no different than controlling sewage. We're subsidizing lower fuel bills with our health."

—By Frederic Golden.

Reported by Richard Woodbury/Missoula



Annie (Close) watches as Henry (Irons) compares plays to cricket bats: "When we throw up an idea and give it a knock, it might . . . travel"

Theater

Stoppard in the Name of Love

The Real Thing brings romantic comedy back to Broadway

Winter may have come to Broadway, but the Fabulous Invalid has a spring in its step. After a sour start, with discouraging box-office receipts and with *La Cage aux Folles* the sole hit among the new plays and musicals, the season cheered up at the holidays. December brought a British farce, *Noises Off*, its charms as finely tuned as a Daimler engine, and *Noises Off* brought in the pre-Christmas crowds. Then the Christmas-to-New Year's week (traditionally the year's best

for ticket sales) recorded a \$6,058,815 total, the second highest in Broadway history. Last week magic struck again. Tom Stoppard's London success *The Real Thing* came to town in a sleek, solid new production that promises to be Broadway's first romantic comedy smash since *Same Time, Next Year* in 1975.

Stoppard has written a play as new as nouvelle cuisine (which, incidentally, it dismisses as *passé*) and as defiantly *déjà vu* as *Private Lives*, *Miss Julie* and *Tis Pity She's a Whore* (allusions to which snake deviously through the plot). On its dazzling surface, *The Real Thing* is a throwback to the comedies of Oscar Wilde, Noël Coward and Philip Barry. This is love among the leisure classes, in which aristocrats of style spend their time polishing epigrams and tiptoeing into one another's penthouse souls. Stoppard's characters have always been able to skate on their plays' surfaces with Olympic-gold dexterity; *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, *Jumpers* and *Travesties* long ago established him as the modern stage's star acrobat of language and ideas. But *The Real Thing* also has a heart—warm and throbbing with the domestic passion to which anyone, even an intellectual playwright, can happily succumb.



Private Lives: Henry and Annie with spouses



Irons in the fire with Close

Henry (Jeremy Irons), fortyish, is one such playwright. At the moment he is represented in the West End by a romantic comedy called *House of Cards*, about an architect who suspects his wife of adultery. Stoppard opens *The Real Thing* with a scene from *House of Cards*, a brilliantly brittle Coward parody full of stiff-upper-lip dialogue like "I abhor cliché. It's one of the things that has kept me faithful." As it happens, the two leading players in *House of Cards* are Henry's wife Charlotte (Christine Baranski) and his friend Max (Kenneth Welsh). And Henry has just begun a secret, convulsive love affair with Max's actress wife Annie (Glenn

Close). Soon Henry and Annie have set up house together, leaving Charlotte in silence and Max in a slough of self-pity. Annie is so happy that she cannot feel guilty about Max ("His misery just seems . . . not in very good taste"), and Henry is a giddy schoolboy. "I love love," he exults. "I love having a lover and being one. The insularity of passion. I love it."

Henry sounds like an ideal husband: fond and fun to be with, proudly faithful (this time), tamping down his jealousy when a randy actor makes a play for his girl. But Annie's spirit of romance rejects stasis, and after two years with Henry, she finds his complaisance can easily be taken for complacency. So off she goes, on a crusade and a tryst. Her crusade takes the surly form of one Private Brodie (Vyto Ruginis). He followed Annie to an antiquary demonstration, got himself imprisoned for a gesture of incendiary bravado, and has now turned the incident into a hamfisted play, which Henry mischievously describes as being "half as long as *Das Kapital* and only twice as funny." Annie's eventual co-star in the TV production of Brodie's play is a rambunctious calf named Billy (Peter Gallagher), with whom she falls into a desultory affair. At first Henry wants to rise above this challenge to his emotional equilibrium, but

fun-house mirrors, does not stop there. He has mined his play with parallel phrases and repeated allusions that reverberate in the mind's ear: everything from selfish architects to messy handkerchiefs, from Strauss to sour-cream dips, from Lake Geneva to the aphrodisiacal effect on actresses of playing Annabella in *Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Watching all this, Stoppard's audience is often left wondering what is play and what is the real thing.

In Peter Wood's original London production, play was the thing. Though no character's emotion was stunted, that *Real Thing* emphasized the artifice. It might have been written not by Stoppard but by Henry himself. It might even have taken place inside the Alpine glass globe the architect shakes at the end of the *House of Cards* scene. As Stoppard notes, "The set [by Carl Toms] was more stylized, with a series of screens used to reveal each scene. Peter saw a spare set with a Japanese feeling." (For the Broadway version, Tony Walton has designed a revolving stage of handsome, naturalistic sets that look very much lived in.) Among an impeccable London cast, Felicity Kendal grounded Annie in a roguish common sense, while Roger Rees, as Henry, soared and swooped like a Thunderbirds stunt pilot.

Rees' Henry was an audacious interpretation: the artist as manic-depressive child. Henry is, after all, a little boy in love with the sound of his own mind. He has every right to be infatuated: his pinwheel brain turns ideas into seductive images. He can pick up a cricket bat and find in its sprung wood a metaphor for the well-made play: "What we're trying to do is to write cricket bats, so that when we throw up an idea and give it a little knock, it might . . . travel." Still, there is something adolescent about the intensity of Henry's ardor, whether for the sweetest pop music from the mid-1960s (his own teen-age years) or for his one-gal-guy idealism (the play describes Annie as "very much like the woman whom Charlotte has ceased to be," so in effect Henry has been faithful to his *belle ideale* by switching mates). As this little boy lost in the web of words and wonders, Rees was a jumping-jack joy.

Jeremy Irons' Henry could be Rees' father. The achievement of Irons and Director Mike Nichols is to secure Henry's foibles in the heart of a mature male. He's a believer who's never lost that lovin' feeling. There is a fierce longing in the gaze Irons directs either at Annie or at a blank piece of paper in his typewriter. Where Rees leapt from rapture to desperation, Irons takes small, careful steps. "Roger is a more energetic, neurotic kind of actor," Irons says. "I generally don't like giving more than required. If a moment requires A, I won't give A plus 3 just so my technique can dazzle the audience. In fact, I believe that they are moved by the structure of the work, not by an actor going through hoops and dancing on high wires." They are indeed moved. With his slim, saturnine good looks, Irons (best known as Charles Ryder in *Brideshead*



Stoppard: acrobat of language and ideas

Revisited) turns Henry into a matinee idol, and will doubtless do the same for himself. Karel Reisz, Irons' director on the film *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, remarked that "Jeremy does have his Heathcliff side." Already, matrons from Manasquan to Massapequa are aswoon over Broadway's newest star.

He is not quite matched by his supporting cast. As Annie (a role Meryl Streep declined), Close, in maroon hair and Anthea Sylbert's rummage-sale wardrobe, has the reckless high spirits of an aging cheerleader when she should be the anchor to Henry's fervor. Like the rest of the cast except for the deft, sexy Gallagher, Close serves the script honorably rather than meeting it eye to eye. Nonetheless, *The Real Thing* is likely to make a star too of Close (who played Sarah in *The Big Chill*). Even in previews, Close relates, she and Irons were getting fan mail—with a twist: "One fan said she'd seen and loved us in everything we'd done. The envelope was addressed to Mr. Glenn Close and Ms. Jeremy Irons."

As for Stoppard, he has taken the play's acclaim in cautious stride. "It's just a straight play that people have spoken well of," he shrugs, "so it might be O.K." O.K.? It is no such thing. At the very least, it puts on display real, articulate people whose company one might enjoy sharing. It proclaims Jeremy Irons as one of the finest young actors. It refines a dishwasher dilemma, accommodating one's ideals to one's spouse, into a sparkling tonic. It marks the return of radiance—verbal, intellectual, emotional, theatrical—to Broadway too long in the dark. And it is the best cricket bat anyone has written in years. —By Richard Corliss.
Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York



Charlotte (Baranski) and Max (Welsh)

before long his puppy-dog passion has burst into howling-wolf pain.

Stoppard, in New York to cut and shape *The Real Thing* for its Broadway opening, says that one of the challenges he set himself was "to structure a play by repeating a given situation—a man in a room with his wife showing up—three times, each differently." When he determines that his wife has deceived him, the *House of Cards* architect opts for deranged *sang-froid*: Max slobbers into an impotent sulk; and Henry behaves as a gentleman and a squaller. A scene from Brodie's play also shows up in three different contexts.

But Stoppard, a stage-crafty glazier of

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Books

The Astronomer's Daughter

HERSELF DEFINED: THE POET H.D. AND HER WORLD

by Barbara Guest; Doubleday; 360 pages; \$18.95

Near the end of her life, Hilda Doolittle might be seen in Manhattan crossing Fifth Avenue from the Stanhope Hotel to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The tall, gray poet would head for the Pompeian frescoes and classical statues and then for the museum's restaurant to eat apple pie and ice cream for lunch. It was 1960 and H.D., as she signed herself, had come home briefly from Europe to receive the Gold Medal from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. She died the following year, at age 75, in Zurich, within a circle of admirers and close to Bryher, nee Annie Winifred Ellerman, the energetic heiress and novelist (*The Fourteenth of October*) who had been her lover and benefactor for more than 40 years.

H.D. is not generally regarded as a major poet. Edmund Wilson accurately summed it up with "writes well, but there is not much in her." Her gift was for the short, precise line: "The hard sand breaks, / and the grains of it / are clear as wine." She was greatly influenced by ancient Greek and encouraged by Ezra Pound, to whom she was briefly engaged. Hilda first met him when she was 15 and he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania; her father was director of the school's Flower Astronomical Observatory. Doolittle and Pound were not the only future literary stars in the vicinity. William Carlos Williams was also enrolled at Penn, and Marianne Moore attended nearby Bryn Mawr, where Hilda eventually dropped out after failing English. In 1911 she left for England and Pound, who was already there politicking for modernism and cutting a rebellious figure in velvet jacket and flowing tie. He edited her new poems in the British Museum bun shop, trimmed her byline down to initials and made her a charter member of the Imagist movement.

Herself Defined is a book of such famous names, legendary times and places, and unconventional relationships. H.D. married British Writer Richard Aldington, had a daughter, Perdita, with Composer Cecil Gray, and possibly an affair with D.H. Lawrence. Her most enduring relationship was with Bryher, whose father was Sir John Ellerman, a self-made shipping tycoon from Hull.

Bryher's checkbook makes fascinating reading. She kept H.D. in style and paid for much of her daughter's upbringing and education. James Joyce, the Sitwells and Dylan Thomas were recipients



Poet H.D. and her daughter Perdita in 1919

Excerpt

There was the story of H.D.'s fleeing to the roof of Lowndes Square and flinging her clothes over the edge, preparing to leap after them, yet fortunately prevented. Or of Bryher's taking a near overdose of a drug and being saved by H.D. Yet these were the productive days. Bryher commenced her historical novels. And H.D.'s triumph over circumstance is celebrated in her *Trilogy*. It is no wonder that H.D. wrote during an air raid: "... now that I saw that Bryher was accepting the fury, we could accept the thing together."

Then follows the thread of despair: "But I didn't care about rules any more. I didn't care about memories. I was sick to death of tension and tiredness and distress and distorted values and the high-pitched level and the fortitude which we had proved beyond doubt that we possessed. I had passed the flame, I had had my initiation... I was sick to death of being on the qui vive all the time."

of Bryher's beneficence. Ellerman money also enabled her husband, American Writer Robert McAlmon, to publish the early works of Gertrude Stein, Pound, Hemingway and their fellow expatriates.

With small change she supported the avant-garde film making, *Close-Up*, the first important cinema magazine, and contributed to the psychoanalytic movement.

H.D. was a patient of Sexologist Havelock Ellis, who described her in his autobiography as "a shy sinuous figure, so slender and so tall that she seemed frail, yet lithe, one divined, of firm and solid texture." Freud, who analyzed her in the early '30s for \$25 a session, told her she was a classic example of bisexuality. H.D.'s own ideal was not a psychological abstraction but a statue of a sleeping hermaphrodite that she had seen as a young woman at the Diocletian Gallery in Rome.

The myth and the romanticism of unifying the male and female form appear to have preoccupied H.D. in ways that are not always clear. Says Biographer Barbara Guest: "She had an assortment of ideas and events that were repetitious; they were thoughts and images that might be embellished by her reading, or actual experiences never to be relinquished." The remark may explain why the poet on the page appears static and obsessively withdrawn,

and the aura of the poet-priestess seems theatrical and self-indulgent. Excerpts from her letters are forgettable; she has little to say about other writers, and does not appear to have seriously concerned herself with the social and political events of her exciting times. World War II found her dabbling in spiritualism and writing an esoteric novel about lost airmen living in an astral dimension. "Nearly impossible to decipher, it is an upsetting book, as everywhere there is evidence of a disturbed consciousness," writes a fretful Guest. References to breakdowns and Swiss clinics indicate that H.D. was more unbalanced than her tactful biographer suggests.

Fortunately there is Bryher, whose wealth, practical intelligence and activities run away with the book. "Fido," as H.D. called her cigar-smoking companion, is constantly on the move: in one day she visits Brancusi, Stein, Pound, Joyce's wife Nora, and has dinner with Jean Cocteau and Man Ray. Bryher proves to be a great traveler who mingles comfortably and is resourceful under pressure. In London, during World War II, she had cloth woven from camel hair collected at the city zoo. She also tried to raise chickens during the blitz, but the birds ate their own eggs. Just as well. H.D. would not eat chicken for fear that it might be cat. What is a biographer to do? —By R.Z. Sheppard

Books

Black Arts

THE CARAVAGGIO CONSPIRACY

by Peter Watson

Doubleday; 321 pages; \$17.95

Early one morning in October 1969, outside the Oratorio of San Lorenzo in Palermo, Sicily, the chapel's caretaker watched in bewilderment as a cat scuttled into the sanctuary through a wide-open door. The building should have been secured against felines, and thieves as well. During the previous night, however, intruders had forced a shutter of one of the chapel windows. Once inside, they cut away the altarpiece with a razor blade and marched out the front door with their prize: an 8-ft. by 7-ft. canvas, the *Nativity*, painted by Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio in 1609. The uninsured masterpiece was valued at \$3 million.

Watson

Ten years later, when British Journalist Peter Watson set out to find the painting, Italian authorities had long since written it off. The *Caravaggio Conspiracy* is Watson's enthralling account of that search, which led him perilously deep into the byways of the international art underworld. Among the astonishing facts he uncovered is that most art thefts are pulled off with as little difficulty as the Caravaggio caper in Palermo. In Italy alone, 44,000 works of art disappear each year. Indeed, during Watson's dogged investigation, enough masterpieces were purloined from churches, galleries and private homes to furnish a museum. The odds on retrieving the Caravaggio were minuscule. In Italy, only 10% of recorded stolen art is ever recovered; in the U.S. the rate is 13%.

Watson was not put off by numbers. He decided to pose as Art Dealer "John Blake," with an interest in 17th century Italian painting, pretending to have many rich clients and no moral scruples. Once word of his corruptibility got around the art world, Watson reckoned, he would be offered stolen pictures, including, some day, the Caravaggio.

The undercover man was advised on how to establish his credentials as a crooked art dealer by two former members of Scotland Yard's art squad. The names of some suspected thieves were supplied by the late Rodolfo Siviero, who directed Italy's attempts to recover its stolen art. Also secretly cooperating with Watson were five major U.S. and British art dealers.

With these experts' connivance, Watson adopted a new identity based on false documents and stationery filched from New York City's Metropolitan Museum. To help people in the art world remember him easily, Watson flaunted a quirky bow tie and cultivated a limp by wearing an excruciatingly tight pair of Italian shoes.

An adviser helped him cover up his lamentable ignorance of art by drilling him in such classic art dealers' displays of expertise as spitting on a finger, then rubbing it over a part of an old painting to see how it might look when cleaned.

The underworld rose to the bait. First shady dealers, then smugglers and fences and, finally, the thieves themselves came forward to offer him hot merchandise, including pictures purportedly by Tintoretto, Renoir, Van Gogh and Modigliani. Watson had difficulty in authenticating these works as stolen art, with good reason. Most were forgeries.

The big break came when, acting on a tip from an Italian art detective, Watson finally made contact with a Neapolitan dealer who put him in touch with the Italians who had stolen the Caravaggio. The story of his negotiations with these thugs testifies to Watson's courage and ingenuity. The climax came during a tempestuous meeting in the hilltop village of Lavianno in southern Italy. There, in November 1980 the thieves agreed to bring the picture from Sicily to Lavianno in two days' time so that Watson could see it. Later, when the time and place of delivery and payment were finally arranged, Watson planned to alert the Italian police.

But history, geography and nature had other plans, and no thriller with manufactured irony could provide a better ending. On the eve of the meeting in Lavianno, as Watson waited in his Naples hotel, a tremor seized southern Italy and shook it like an old boot. The famous earthquake of 1980 had begun. When it subsided a week later, Watson went to Lavianno. Still in his disguise as Blake, he hobbled up the hill to the village in his excruciating shoes. At the summit he saw nothing but a vast expanse of rubble. The Caravaggio and the thieves were never heard from again; they were presumably buried under the stones. —By Patricia Blake



Caravaggio's *Nativity*

Only 10% of stolen art is ever recovered.

Family Ordeal

ALEX, THE LIFE OF A CHILD

by Frank Deford

Viking; 196 pages; \$13.95

Many of us have convinced ourselves that children don't die any more, not in the latter half of the 20th century, not in the United States of America, and certainly not in the suburbs. But of course they do, as Journalist and Novelist Frank Deford piercingly recounts in this spare and vivid eulogy to his daughter Alexandra. "Alex," who died in 1980 of cystic fibrosis. In 1972 doctors discovered that the pale and distressingly listless baby had CF. The disease strikes one in 1,000 children, is always fatal, but ravages its victims first. Girls suffer more than boys and die at a faster rate. To prolong Alex's life, Deford and his wife Carol daily had to hold her upside down and pound her chest and back to loosen the life-threatening mucus in her lungs. "Two thousand times I had to beat my sick child," her father recalls, "make her hurt and cry and plead—No, not the down ones, Daddy—and in the end, for what?"

Between crises, Alex astonished her teachers with transcending artwork, clanked about in gaudy costume jewelry and sang tunes from *Annie*. The eight-year-old knew she was dying, and her bravery, tolerance and empathy for already grieving adults touched many lives. After Alex and her father had laughed at a joke, the girl climbed into his lap and said, "Oh, Daddy, wouldn't this have been great?" writes Deford. "After we had hugged each other, she left the room, because, I knew, she wanted to let me cry alone." At the end of her last stay at Yale-New Haven Hospital, when her ordeal with CF had been compounded by arthritis, pneumonia and collapsing lungs, Alex said to a nurse, "I'm going home to die now, but don't you tell my Mommy or Daddy because it'll upset them."

Alex is more than a catalogue of precious moments and poignant incidents. While guilt-ridden parents, who unwittingly carry the disease, divorce at several times the national average because of CF's agonies, Deford and his wife preserved their marriage with an unspoken agreement that both would not cry at the same time. After Alex died in his arms, Deford's guilt turned to futile anger and finally to a transforming admiration for his courageous daughter. "It frightens me most," he concludes, "that I will meet some great test in my life—maybe one for my life, as she did—and I will not be able to do as well as my little baby girl did." He need not fear. Alex would be proud of this moving memoir. —By J.D. Reed

Alexandra

Medicine

Confusion over Infant Herpes

More newborns have the disease, but fears are exaggerated

She has pretty blond hair, innocent blue eyes, and at the age of four is only the size of a two-year-old toddler. But for nearly a year, this child, who is mentally retarded and physically disabled, has been the subject of suspicion and fear in her home town of Emporia, Kans. When the child's mother tried to enroll her in a public school program for handicapped children, permission was denied. Last month, when she was finally admitted, several parents kept their children at home, and a number of teachers insisted on wearing surgical gloves. The reason for the ostracism: the child has been infected since birth with herpes, which is not only the source of her mental and physical disabilities but also causes the sores that break out on her scalp about every six weeks. In Sacramento County, Calif., a 3½-year-old retarded boy with herpes suffered similar humiliations at his school. "A bus driver refused to have him on her bus, and several staff members requested transfers," reports Gerald Peterson, assistant superintendent for special schools and services. "It is an emotional issue."

Instances of herpes hysteria have become increasingly common as the disease affects growing numbers of the newborn. Campaigns to isolate these infected children are, however, misguided. According to pediatricians, the children pose no greater threat to their classmates than someone with a common cold sore. Moreover, the chances for transmission are slight since intimate

contact with the infected area is required. "Kids are just as liable to become infected when kissed by their grandmother or aunt," says Lawrence Corey of Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle.

Exaggerated fear of infected youngsters probably stems from confusion over the dangers that the herpes virus poses to small children. Herpes is most familiar as the cause of sores around the mouth and on the genitals. But in infants less than five weeks old, who lack the protection of a fully developed immune system, the infection can be disastrous, causing blindness, mental retardation, a range of neurological disorders and even death. The severe handicaps that afflict the Emporia and Sacramento children are typical results of herpes infection in the newborn. Their classmates, however, are safe from physical or mental damage because they have mature immune systems that are able to ward off infection.

According to one study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, herpes in the newborn is up sharply. The survey, conducted in the Seattle area, showed that for every 100,000 births the incidence rose from 2.6 cases between 1966 and 1969 to 11.9 cases between 1979 and 1981. In 1982 the figure jumped to 17.2. In most cases, infants become infected during passage through the birth canal of a mother who has active genital herpes. In a few other instances, children have been exposed to the virus shortly after birth, perhaps through contact with cold sores. Treatment with antiviral agents that became available in the late 1970s has reduced the mortality rate of infected babies from 70% to 38%, but about half the survivors are seriously disabled.

Doctors agree that the best hope for preventing infection of newborns lies in more careful monitoring of pregnant women with a history of herpes. If active genital infection is detected before labor, a caesarean will generally protect the infant from contagion. For women who know they have been exposed to herpes but have no visible symptoms, a new 24-hour test for herpes should improve detection.

Unfortunately, a number of women who give birth to infected children are unaware that they have been exposed to the disease. In two out of 35 cases in the Seattle study, husbands had not told their wives about the infection. In such cases, only honesty can help prevent the tragic consequences to young victims. ■



School official and infected girl in Emporia
Attempts to isolate sufferers are misguided.

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Show Business

Why Do Movies Seem So Long?

In the new Hollywood, briskness has given way to bloat

Arthur Mayer was a university professor, a Hollywood publicist, an importer of trail-blazing foreign films, the operator of a 42nd Street horror-movie house and, toward the end of his 94 years, a member of the New York Film Festival selection committee. Day after sweltering summer day he would sit in a cramped Manhattan screening room patiently enduring the tortuous eccentricities of directors from Rumania to Rodeo Drive. But when asked whether one of these angst marathons should appear in the festival, he would often as not growl: "Yes—if the producer agrees to cut it by 30 minutes."

You need not have seen every movie since *The Great Train Robbery* to agree with Mayer that today's films are longer than ever. You can simply look at the run-

through the sprockets in 2½ hours, Columbia Pictures Mogul Harry Cohn announced that "I have a foolproof device for judging whether a picture is good or bad. If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good." To which Screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz cracked, "Imagine—the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass!" Oddly enough, Cohn deserves the last laugh; more than a few current films could benefit from his circuitry. On the whole, today's movies are longer but not richer. Their story lines are no more complicated, their characters no more complex, their visual style no more elegant, their dialogue no more reverberant. They have renounced briskness for bloat.

This has less to do with running time

Throughout World War II, U.S. pictures marched to a double-time tempo. But as the war ended and Hollywood began ruminating on what the nation had gained and lost, the first symptoms of movie elephantiasis could be detected. In 1946 the five pictures nominated for the top Oscar (*The Best Years of Our Lives*, *Henry V*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, *The Razor's Edge* and *The Yearling*) had an average running time of 144 min., almost half an hour longer than the previous year's nominees. Since then, the girth of movies has continued to expand.

Why? There are several explanations, not all of them dire. The Hollywood studio system, in which moguls like Cohn imposed an assembly-line efficiency, was breaking up. Directors, not producers, were now the chief architects of American movies and were jettisoning the old storytelling tradition in favor of their own "privileged moments" (slow-motion sunsets, long walks down mean streets, dreamy shots of a protagonist's inertia).



ning times. Of the 50 nominees in the past decade for the Motion Picture Academy's Oscar for Best Picture, 28 have run more than two hours, and five have been at least three hours long. This year looks to continue the trend: *The Right Stuff* (3 hr. 11 min.) is sure to be nominated for Best Picture, and *Scarface* (2 hr. 50 min., nearly twice as long as the 1932 gangster classic on which it is closely based) has an outside shot.

Nor is the long march of celluloid confined to Hollywood. In last week's balloting by the National Society of Film Critics, two of the top three vote getters were Ingmar Bergman's *Fanny and Alexander* (3 hr. 10 min.) and R.W. Fassbinder's mammoth *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (15 hr. 21 min.). In the time it would take to watch just those two films, you could have seen all ten pictures nominated for the 1937 Oscar and still have had time left over to catch a Pete Smith Specialty and a couple of Mickey Mouse cartoons.

There is some evidence in the numbers; there is more in the numbing sensation that too many recent movies impose on both mind and body. Back in the 1930s, when a double feature could sprint

than with economy of narrative. When the eye, mind and heart are engaged by artful storytellers, questions of duration become irrelevant. One enduring Hollywood epic, D.W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, ran for more than 2½ hours in 1915, when the most popular movies were Charlie Chaplin's two-reel comedies. Another Civil War melodrama, the 1939 *Gone With the Wind*, clocked in at 222 minutes. Yet both films tell their tales faster than *Star Wars* and with twice the sweep.

It was no simple task to compress the 1,037 pages of Margaret Mitchell's novel into an evening's screen entertainment. Ben Hecht, the veteran writer who was hired at the last minute to whip the *GWTFW* screenplay into shape, once noted that Mitchell's plot seemed "as long as a whore's dream—and as pointless." In two weeks of nonstop cobbling, Hecht helped Producer David O. Selznick refine the cinematic shorthand that introduced dozens of characters and events while allowing for period detail and a handful of indelible performances. Seen today, the movie looks like a sweet dream and gallops like the wind.

Method actors demonstrated that any line of dialogue could be interrupted in mid-mumble for a pensive scratch. A new generation of directors, weaned on European cinema, found profundity in malaise and tossed the jigsaw-puzzle pieces of film narrative into the air, letting them land in the lap of the befuddled moviegoer. It had to happen: movies were no longer campfire tales; they were art. And art, as Seneca might have warned us, can sometimes seem longer than life.

No one need mourn the shutdown of the Hollywood assembly line or chastise a good director for moving at his own unique pace. Ingmar Bergman makes one kind of movie. Steven Spielberg another, and both offer more than enough astonishments to justify their films' running times. Surely it is easier and more rewarding to sit through *The Right Stuff* than through a double feature of, say, *Staying Alive* and *Mr. Mom*, two short summer movies that seemed to last into February. But all film makers should consider the virtues of economy—or suffer the wrath of Arthur Mayer's spirit and a million restless fannies. —By Richard Corliss

Video

Mining Familiar Territory

THE NEW SHOW, NBC, Fridays, 10 p.m. E.S.T.

It was the party. Date: every week. Time: 11:30 p.m. E.S.T. Place: your living room or mine. During the mid-1970s, Saturday night meant one thing only for glassy-eyed millions of the TV generation: *Saturday Night Live*. In each installment, a guest host and the Not Ready for Prime Time Players (Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray *et al.*) teetered on the cutting edge of comedy chaos. The humor was topical, hip, manic, risky, urban and wildly uneven. It was guerrilla television and it radicalized American comedy.

By 1980 the party was over. One by one, members of the repertory company had defected to the movies, and the man behind the madness, Producer Lorne Michaels, concluded that the show had dwindled into an institution. Michaels took a three-year hiatus from the pressures of weekly television, which had been his passion ever since he moved south from Canada to hatch gags for *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*.

Last week, amid great expectations, Michaels returned. Not to the low-key late-night schedule, but to the hour of reckoning: prime time. And not for a loose-limbed 90 minutes but for a stricter 60. The question that hovered over the whole endeavor: What could he do for an encore without cannibalizing his own success?

Well, he could cannibalize someone else's. The vehicle of his return is coyly called *The New Show*, but the theme song of the inaugural hour could have been *Everything*



Martin parodies Michael Jackson's strut

Old Is New Again. The inspiration seemed to be less the anarchism of *SNL*, than the more domesticated spirit of the comedy-variety shows of the 1950s, like *Your Show of Shows* and *The Colgate Comedy Hour*. *The New Show* courted chuckles of recognition rather than nervous titters or ribald guffaws. Even the graphics danced with domestic emblems of the '50s like toasters and kidney-shaped swimming pools.

The show's opening lineup featured three regulars: the deadpan, usually dead-eye Buck Henry, the chameleon-like Dave Thomas, late of *SCTV*, and Valri Bromfield, a Canadian comedian whom Michaels originally wanted for *SNL*. There was a handful of mostly traditional sketches, long on premise and short on development. Guest Star Steve Martin (who can be funny just standing still) opened the show with some mincing mimicry of Michael Jackson's distinctive footwork. In one skit Jeff Goldblum (*The Big Chill*) played an earnest, geeky math teacher who yearned to belt out Tom Lehrer-like songs for the faculty talent show.

Another routine used the overused device of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, a theme that has already become a parody of itself. It did have its clever moments, though: in this brave new world, Studio 54 became the Ministry of Fun and a stentorian disc jockey commanded the dancers, "Fellow citizens, do the Pony!" The most effective routine also mined familiar territory: television. Henry and Thomas played cheery, gee-whiz hosts of an "infotainment" show infatuated with swirling graphics and inane charts.

Doubtless it is unfair to judge *The New Show* on the basis of a single hour. As Michaels notes, *SNL* required several weeks of on-air fumbling before it crystallized. The new series also will need time to find its way, and it cannot go too far wrong with the writing and performing talent it already has. Comedy, Steve Martin once said, is not pretty. *The New Show* needs to muss itself up a bit. If it does, then there is reason to hope that in the weeks ahead it will become *The New and Improved Show*. —By Richard Stengel

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. From Margaret Heckler, 52, Secretary of Health and Human Services and former Massachusetts Congresswoman (1967-82): John Heckler, 56, austere, hunt-loving Boston financier; after 30 years of marriage, three children; in Arlington, Va. Heckler said his wife "deserted and abandoned" him in 1963. Secretary Heckler asked the court to dismiss his suit.

HOSPITALIZED. Danny Kaye, 70, peripatetic comic entertainer; after an attack of bronchitis incapacitated him during the Rose Bowl game; at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles.

RECOVERING. Edward M. Kennedy, 51, Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, after hospitalization in Washington, D.C.; from a bleeding duodenal ulcer, anemia, viral hepatitis and dehydration; and Rose Kennedy, 93, doyenne of the Kennedy clan; from a viral infection; both at the family's home in Palm Beach.

RECOVERING. W. Averell Harriman, 92, former Governor of New York and U.S. Ambassador to London and Moscow; from a broken knee suffered when the Democratic Party's elder statesman was knocked over by a wave while walking on the beach; at his house in Barbados.

DIED. Richard Hughes, 77, flamboyant dean of Asia's English-language foreign press corps, whose Bible-quoting, storytelling prowess made him "Your Grace" to generations of journalists; of kidney and liver diseases; in Hong Kong. Born in Melbourne, Hughes covered the North African campaign of World War II and the Korean and Viet Nam wars, and reported on Asia for the *Times* of London and the *Economist*. He was the model for the journalist Old Crow in John Le Carré's *The Honourable Schoolboy*.

DIED. Alfred Kastler, 81, French physicist who won the 1966 Nobel Prize for his studies of polarized light that paved the way for

the development of the laser; in Bandol, France. Kastler was drawn to the study of light ever since becoming impressed as a child by a solar eclipse. A self-effacing scientist with outspoken political views, he was a pacifist who strongly opposed nuclear weapons and the war in Viet Nam.

DIED. Joseph H. Simons, 86, chemist who discovered one of the first practical ways to synthesize fluorocarbons; of Parkinson's disease; in Gainesville, Fla. In the late 1930s, as a professor at Penn State, Simons found that passing fluorine through an arc of carbon gas produced a few drops of clear liquid fluorocarbon, but his discovery had no obvious use. A few years later, when scientists could not find enough fissionable uranium to build the A-bomb, Simons rescued the jar of fluorocarbon from a filing cabinet. The resulting chemical reactions yielded highly fissionable uranium 235. By the mid-1950s more than 800 new compounds containing fluorocarbons had been developed.

Essay

A Dying Art: The Classy Exit Line

There was a time when the deathbed was a kind of proscenium, from which the personage could issue one last dramatic utterance, full of the compacted significance of his life. Last words were to sound as if all of the individual's earthly time had been sharpened to that point: he could now etch the grand summation. "More light!" the great Goethe of the Enlightenment is said to have cried as he expired. There is some opinion, however, that what he actually said was "Little wife, give me your little paw."

In any case, the genre of great last words died quite a few years ago. There are those who think the last genuinely memorable last words were spoken in 1900, when, according to one version, the dying Oscar Wilde said, "Either that wallpaper goes, or I do."

Others set the date in 1904, when Chekhov on his deathbed declared, "It's a long time since I drank champagne." Appropriately, his coffin then rode to burial in a freight car marked FRESH OYSTERS.

Only now and then does one catch a handsome exit line today. Gary Gilmore, the murderer executed in Utah in 1977, managed a moment of brisk existentialist machismo when he told the warden, "Let's do it." There was a charm, a mist of the fey overlaying the terror, in the official last words that William Saroyan telephoned to the Associated Press before he died in 1981: "Everybody has got to die, but I have always believed an exception would be made in my case. Now what?" Last fall the British actor John Le Mesurier dictated to his wife his own death announcement, which ran in the *Times* of London. It said, "John Le Mesurier wishes it to be known that he conked out on Nov. 15. He sadly misses family and friends."

Last words are a matter of taste, of course, and judgments about them tend to be subjective. A strong though eccentric case might be made for the final utterance of Britain's Lord Chief Justice Gordon Hewart, who died on a spring morning in 1944 with the words "Damn it! There's that cuckoo again!" Tallulah Bankhead used a splendid economy of language at her parting in New York City's St. Luke's Hospital in 1968. "Bourbon," she said. The Irish writer Brendan Behan rose to the occasion in 1964 when he turned to the nun who had just wiped his brow and said, "Ah, bless you, Sister, may all your sons be bishops." Some sort of award for sharp terminal repartee should be bestowed (posthumously) upon an uncle of Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., John Holmes, who lay dying in his Boston home in 1899. A nurse kept feeling his feet, and explained to someone in the room, "If his feet are warm, he is alive. . . Nobody ever died with his feet warm." Holmes rose out of his coma long enough to observe, "John Rogers* died!" Then he slipped away.

The great last words traditionally included in anthologies have usually been more serious than that, and often sound suspiciously perfect. *Le style, c'est l'homme*. General Robert E. Lee is said to have gone in 1870 with just the right military-metaphysical command: "Strike the tent!" The great 18th century classicist and prig Nicolas Boileau managed a sentence of wonderfully plump self-congratulation: "It is a conse-

lation to a poet on the point of death that he has never written a line injurious to good morals."

While such goodbyes are usually retrospective, looking back on the life, they sometimes peer forward. Such lines derive considerable fascination from the fact that they have been spoken at a vantage that is the closest that mortals can legitimately come to a glimpse of what lies on the other side. Thomas A. Edison said as he died in 1931, "It's very beautiful over there." (It is also possible, however, that he was referring to the view outside his window.) Voltaire had a mordant premonition. The lamp next to his deathbed flared momentarily, and his last words were "What? The flames already?"

Last words are supposed to be a drama of truth-telling, of nothing left to hide, nothing more to lose. Why, then, do they so often have that clunk of the bogus about them? Possibly because the majority of them may have been composed by others—keepers of the flame, hagiologists, busybodies.

One hears the little sound of a pious fraud. The last breath is put into service to inflate the larger cause one last time, as with a regret that one has only one life to give for one's country. There is a long-running controversy, for example, over whether the younger Pitt, when departing this life, said, "My country! How I love my country!" or "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies."

As Hamlet says in *his* last words, "the rest is silence." Great terminal summations are a form of theater, really. They demand an audience—someone has to hear them, after all. More than that, they have been traditionally uttered with a high solemnity. Some last words have the irony of inadvertence—as when Civil War General John Sedgwick was heard to

say during the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, "Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance!" But premeditated last words—the deathbed equivalent of Neil Armstrong's "One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind," the canned speech uttered when setting off for other worlds—have a Shakespearean grandiloquence about them.

Last words are not a congenial form of theater any more. Suitable stages no longer seem to be available for such death scenes, nor is there much inclination to witness them. People tend either to die suddenly, unexpectedly, without the necessary editorial preparation, or to expire in hospitals, under sedation and probably not during visiting hours. The sedative dusk descends hours or days before the last darkness.

Perhaps the demise of great last words has something to do with a decline in the 20th century of the augustness of death. The departure of a single soul was once an imposing occasion. An age of holocausts is less disposed to hear the individual goodbyes.

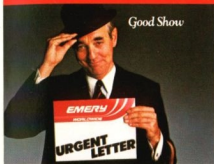
Perhaps some entrepreneur will try to revive the genre of last words by enlisting videotape, a newer form of theater. Customers could write their own final script—or choose appropriate last words from the company's handsome selection ("Pick the goodbye that is you"), and then, well before the actual end, videotape their own official death scenes. The trouble is that most people tend to be windy and predictable when asked to say a few words on an important occasion. Maybe the best way to be memorable at the end is to be enigmatic. When in doubt, simply mutter, "Rosebud."

—By Lance Morrow

*An English Protestant divine burned at the stake for heresy in 1555.



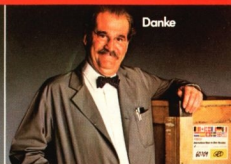
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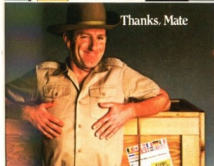
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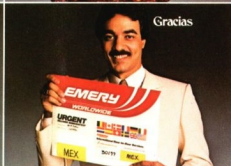
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Thanks, Mate



谢谢



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